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DOSSIER

NU VINYL

DOWNERS

Much media noise has emanated recently from a California congressional clown wolf-crying the presence of Satanic subliminal messages in rock 'n' roll. The revelations include whispered sweet-nothings to The Man Downstairs on back-tracked Led Zeppelin records (what, no "Bonzo is dead?"), and similar horrors, all exhorting the sheeplike youth of America to detour down the inferno-bound exit ramp.

But hell (wrong word?), this sort of neo-red-baiting ain't exactly new on the pop-culture battlefront, especially from the knee-jerk paranoids on the Christian no-fun-damentalist right flank. And while such whining does have its nuisance value (a further reminder of America's dangerous swing rightward—as if we needed another), it's also welcome evidence that rock still has the power to offend *someone, somewhere*—between institutionalized arena rock and sanitized dance music, things have gotten pretty inoffensive.

The irony, though, is that these guys needn't have gone so far as to play stuff *backwards*—I woulda pointed 'em towards plenty where the subversive content is as plain as the guilt-twists in their libidos. **Killing Joke**, whose third LP, *Revelations* (Editions EG, dist. by Jem), bunts this jolly English quartet right through their Jerry Cornelius stage of dance-banding the apocalypse (hollow and unconvincing, I thought) into a far more credible (and less danceable) ritualized invocation of the Crowleyesque dark-lords, let loose after God has turned his/her/its back. A frightening piece of vinyl (why are they laughing?), but paradoxically disjointed and unsuccessful. (they've since dissolved and reformed with a new bassist and overtly occult orientation.)

Less ambivalent, and chilling to the point of psychosis, is Sydney, Australia's **SPK** (stands for Surgical Penis Klink, if you must know)—possibly the sickest band in existence (makes Throbbing Gristle look like Debby Boone). Their first American release (fourth overall) is *Leichenschrei* (Thermidor), which, a press release helpfully informs me, translates as "corpse shrieks." Charming bunch. If the album's positively demonic blend of Luciferian hammering, overexcited noise generators and Stygian doom-muttering is too much for you, just be thankful you missed SPK's brief American tour this past spring. These *seriously twisted* Aussies filled NYC's normally well-behaved Danceteria with viciously colliding metal, hoarse screeching, and a subterranean bass rumble—all accompanied by a slide show so hellishly deranged it would've sent Adolf Eichmann running for the vomitorium. Whew.

For the more faint of heart, there's **Bauhaus**, a sort of gothic-psychedelic heavy metal band teetering on the brink of obnoxiousness. Their two import LPs, *In the Flat Field* (4 A.D.) and *Mask* (Beggars Banquet), have some clever moments of dark-atmosphere management, but live, their overindulgent, narcissistic image-mongering strangles everything (prime offender: singer Peter Murphy, trapped in an identity crisis between Dr. Bowie and Mr. Hyde). Seeing them recently at the Ritz—smoke machines spewing—I found it easy to accept them as an opening act for Black Sabbath within a year (evidently A&M Records agrees with me—they've just picked up Bauhaus for American release).

Since **Chrome** don't perform live, they avoid some of the traps Bauhaus fall into, but they too seem enmired in a heavy metal thud-rumble tar pit. Their latest LP, *3rd from the Sun* (Siren, dist. by Faulty Products)—something like their sixth or seventh—only briefly equals the brilliance of their 1977 *Alien Soundtracks* (confined to "Off the Line"). The rest is just ex-Pearl Harbor rhythm section John & Hilary Stench thrashing dazedly behind a droning, treated guitar and from-beyond-the-grave vocals of a sf-apocalyptic nature.

These sourpusses could take a lesson or two from ***Nash the Slash***, the Canadian one-man banditeer, who tempers his horror-film imagery with Vincent Price-y camp humor. His latest release, the all-instrumental *Decomposing* (Cut Throat), is an EP that can be played either at 33 or 45 (my preference is the latter)—running times for both are helpfully provided. Good, evocative stuff.

Weary of all this optimism? Ready to take **the Cure**? Over the course of four increasingly depressing albums, this British trio have tracked the death-beat from every possible angle. I'm beginning to worry about them. *Pornography* (A&M) only elaborates further on their obsession, filling in with florid sonic flourishes what used to be sparse and airy. It's a choking, near-claustrophobic feeling that I have only a limited appetite for (their second, *17 Seconds*, included on the double American issue . . . *happily ever after*, remains a contender for Lou's All-Time Top Ten).

Likewise, I find the latest **New Order** release—the single "Temptation"/"Hurt" (Factory, through Rough Trade)—to be something of a disappointment. Where the Cure have embroidered, New Order have refined, and by machining off the blurred edges I think they've lost something essential (producer Martin Hannett perhaps?). Their 1981 *Movement* is another member of Lou's Hall of Fame.

Import of the Month

Second only to a top-tied Residents and Yello, **You've Got Foetus on Your Breath** (nifty name, eh?) are my current favorite band. The music imprinted on their LP *Deaf!!* (Self-Immolation import) is alternately ugly, hilarious, ironically coy, intensely biting, and brazenly tuneful. I know absolutely nothing about them. I think they're great.

—Lou Stathis

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The Ten Sleaziest Horror Films Ever Made

A-P-E For lovers of the "giant simian" genre. *King Kong* this ain't. In fact, this 1976 Korean-American film had the chutzpah to call itself *The New King Kong* till Dino De Laurentiis sued. Blame the Lee Ming Film Co. of Seoul and American director Paul Leyder (of *I Dismember Mama* fame) for this atrocity. It's even in 3-D.

Plan 9 from Outer Space (1959) Not the worst picture ever made by a long shot, but this Edward D. Wood, Jr., classic could be one of the funniest, with those great comics Tor Johnson, Dudley Manlove, and the ever laughable Bela Lugosi. Be on the lookout for the recently discovered sequel, *Return of the Dead*, directed by Wood the following year, and uncovered in a film lab.

Beast of Yucca Flats (1961) Also starring that laugh riot, Tor Johnson. This time he's a scientist pursued by commies who atom-blast him into a monster. No synch dialogue in this one—it's all narration. Made by the Carpenter-Francis Film Co. They should be proud.

Doctor of Doom, aka *Las Luchadores Contra el Medico Asesino*, or *The Wrestling Women vs. the Killer Doctor* (1961) Wrestlers are big box office in Mexico, so presumably grappling amazons are even bigger. A trio of big-thighed wrestling women go about beating up on various monsters. Gloria Steinem should check this out. I'd rather check out Lorena Velazquez, who's the macho wrestling dame. Hot tamale!

Zombie (1980) This Italian-made flick out-grosses even George Romero for butcher-block leftovers. Director Lucio Fulci particularly enjoys dismembering extremely attractive women or poking out their eyes or disemboweling them—fun stuff like that. Noteworthy that Mia Farrow's sis Tisa stars. But you'll have to see it to find out if she makes it intact.

Invasion of the Bee-Girls (1973) This features cult-fave heavy William (Laredo) Smith as a cop trying to solve a bizarre series of murders—women are having sex with men and then cutting off their you-know-whats. But first they smear themselves with Bee-Jelly. Very bloody and messy. Note the writer, Nicholas Meyer, director of *Star Trek II* and writer of *The Seven Percent Solution*. And he thought we forgot about this one!

The Green Slime (1969) Directed by Kinji Fukasaku, later the auteur of *Message from Space*, this MGM/Jap film stars Robert (*Shenandoah*) Horton, Richard Jaeckel, and Luciana Paluzzi fighting off an infestation of outer-space mold monsters. Can you take it?

Bloodshed (1982) This unreleased classic may never get off the shelf, but it's got some real bloody gross-out scenes. Highly original plot concerns a Mansonlike cult that kills for fun. A woman is buzz-sawed lengthwise, and many others are killed in likewise gruesome ways—crucifixions, stabbings, you name it. However, effects directed by Tom Doran and Brendon Faulkner are well staged, even if the rest is lame.

Dr. Butcher, Medical Deviate (1978-82) From the guys that brought you *Bloodshed*. Tacked-on title shots come from an incomplete film called *Tales to Tear Your Heart Out*. The rest duplicates some sets and action from *Zombie*. It's also as bloody, but far more inept. Very funny, too.

Basketcase (1982) The midnight classic of the year! Directed by Frank Henenlotter, this charming film tells of the touching relationship between two brothers—one appears normal and hauls the other, a misshapen killer freak, around town in a basket. Belial, the title character, is a horrid li'l fellah, but he's also the best actor in the film (the fact that he's a puppet has nothing to do with it). A stylish bloody little cheapie currently playing the midnight circuit. See it.

—Tom Salacco

Five Haunting Scenes from Otherwise Forgettable Horror Films

Dracula's Great Love (1973) A Spanish opus featuring ex-wrestler Paul Naschy as the bloodthirsty Count. Two minutes into the movie, a grave robber escapes one of Dracula's infamous half nelsons and flees up a staircase, only to have a cleaver slammed into his profile as he reaches the top. Opening credits roll as he tumbles down the stairs. When his body hits the bottom—presto!—he reappears on the top stair and falls again, this time slightly slower. By the time Javier Aguirre's direction credit reaches the screen, this man's death loop has evolved, over eight or nine progressively slower presentations, into a fascinatingly entropic death dance. Death has never been so inevitable. (aka *Cemetery Girls*)

The Monster (1959) One of the weirdest films ever, opening with a bluntly stylized pre-credits sequence, beginning with the silhouette of a nude woman preening behind a Japanese paper screen. Then, a hairy monster with a long dagger in its paw ambles up behind her, throws the woman offscreen, pounces on her, and a bucketful of blood is dashed across the paper screen from the left. The film's title emerges luridly, unforgettably, from the drippings. The title is suggestive of the hero's predicament, namely, he finds himself sprouting a second (*monster's*) body. The moment he removes his shirt to massage a niggling shoulder-ache, only to find a blinking eyeball impacted there, is equally indelible. The rest of the film? Made in Japan.

The Devil's Nightmare (1974) A Belgian-Italian export, now in re-release as *Vampire Playgirls*. The film's earliest minutes contain every horror movie cliché you'd ever need (i.e., tourists caught in storm turn to ominous castle for shelter, the phones are dead, ex-Nazi butler plays the organ), but the rest of the film escalates in ambition. This is one of the few seriously theological horror films ever made in Europe. The seven trapped tourists represent the Seven Deadly Sins, and they are all led to destruction by a lovely succubus, who tempts them with excessive mirages mirroring their desires. The best trap is staged for Gluttony, who in cinema's greatest eating scene outside of *Tom Jones*, is treated to a vast, erotically charged banquet. He survives the meal, but his "last glass of wine" triggers a sudsy, emerald regurgitation that chokes him under the now gaunt apparition of the succubus.

Island of the Doomed (1966) Mel Welles, a *Little Shoppe of Horrors* alumnus, took a somewhat more serious stab at man-eating plants in this, yet another, Spanish effort. Cameron Mitchell stars as a mad scientist who's developed a vampire *tree* with blood-sucking branches. Stylistically, it's an extremely haunting piece of trash, especially its grand finale, in which Mitchell hacks his prize plant to pieces during a thunderstorm as the skies rain blood. Can be seen on TV as *The Maneater of Hydra*.

Kill, Baby! Kill! (1966) A slight exception: this is included not because it's a forgettable horror film, but because it *sounds* like one. Director Mario Bava, trained as a painter and cinematographer, could take any bad script and translate it into a hypnotic visual experience. This is, in some ways, his best film, because its script is almost totally transient, shifty like an atmosphere. Its best scene depicts the hero pursuing a faceless stranger through the rooms of a castle; Bava ultimately isolates the chase to repeated, looping circuits of the same room, and when the hero catches the

Vampira in *Plan 9 from Outer Space*

stranger and turns him around, he finds his own face grinning dementedly back at him. Now *that's* chilling enough, but the film's best idea is its monster, a little blonde girl in a white dress with a bouncing, luminous ball. Sound familiar? Fellini was so captivated by that image he hired Bava to reproduce her as the true Satan in his *Toby Dammit* (1969) which, like this film, is horror at its most perfect and ambiguous.

—Timothy R. Lucas

TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH

Friday the 13th Part III in 3-D

Director Steve Miner's mock sf-influenced *F-13 P-III 3-D* overkills itself with fifty fabulous, three-dimensional ways to impale your victim—pitchfork, knitting needle, poker, meat cleaver, machete, plumber's wrench, butcher knife, axe, spear gun, etc. Up to bat for the second time in the *F-13* series, Miner uses the pop-out and illusionary holographic sensations of the new 3-D Mark system to entice horror fans. "Audiences," he swears to *HM*, "dictate the ambiguous endings and ninety-minute attention-span running time of horror sequels. For me, the hardest part is finding new weapons for victims to fall on." That should give you an idea of the state of this cinematic arts-and-crafts form. Besides the plush, high-quality 3-D, *F-13 P-III* has a vivid horror-comics story and a stylish cartoon look. College coed Chris (Dana Kimmell) deliberately returns for a weekend party to a house on a lake where, a few years before, she was brutalized by an unrecognizable tormentor—6'3" trapeze artist Richard Brooker, your average avenging murderer. Please don't ask why or what he is avenging because action, not motivation, is the soul of 1980s horror flickeramas. In the mutilation finale, Brooker slip-slides away into the lake as escaping air bubbles hint he'll rise again for *F-13 P-IV* in 360-degree sensu-surround and odorama.

Halloween 3

A radical character and plot departure from the previous two sagas, *H-3* marks the new reign of techno-pop terror in horror films. Banished are long-in-the-tooth teen horror queen Jamie Lee Curtis and the escaped knife-wielding psycho who finally burnt to a crisp in *H-2*. As part of a trick-or-treat doomsday machine, screenwriter Nigel Kneale (author of BBC-TV's famed *Quatermass* series) has fiendish toymaker Dan O'Herlihy (the improbable F.D.R. in the movie *MacArthur*) program millions of kids to buy his "replicants go berserk" pumpkin, skull, and witch masks via TV commercials. For a truly *Altered States* Halloween, trillions of microchips blast off inside the mind-control fright masks. While lacking the silly humor that made its predecessors bearable, *H-3* contains the demon seeds of future horror-movie orgies between humans and machines—the scariest and most terrifying predicament of all.

—Daphne Davis

Spook shelf

Books which start with dead heroes just don't sell—not enough conflict. It's best, market researchers say, to start with a believable, likable, living character, and then set loose some trouble. In the horror/terror genre there's no tradition that Clem Goodguy will ever see another sunset, much less ride off into one. That does much to heighten suspense.

In ***Masques: A Novel of Terror*** (Arbor House), **Bill Pronzini** tackles this idea beautifully. Despite protagonist Steven Giraux's disclaimer that he's a "square," we identify: he's down on his relational luck, and most importantly, he's a good *reactive*. Giraux draws us into *Masques'* spooky action by taking it on with just a little more presence of mind than we could muster. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is both backdrop and villain; Pronzini knows his subject and jams on it. Unlike many pulpist/populist writers, Pronzini lubes corniness with humor. But there are holes in this who-or-what-dunnit. Why does Giraux, queasy at the thought of voodoo, know some of its lingo and traditions? We never find out, but there's no time to care, from the cinematic drunken-sex/voodoo-murder scene to the final brutal twist.

The Calling by **Bob Randall** (Simon & Schuster) is a what-dunnit, not a who-dunnit—so it's horror, not terror. Unlike Pronzini, who takes cues from the colorful pulp-action tradition, Randall enters metaphysics via the slow, character-oriented ethic of the mainstream. Plucky heroine Susan Goodman comes complete with husband, kid, hound, career, Mom, and pals; all would be well if Badness itself stopped telephoning her. It also kills mysteriously and turns a man into a sexual sixty-second wonder . . . all while the reader awaits the monster's description. Sorry, you'll have to picture it yourself; badness to Mr. Randall is naught but—gasp!—*rough trade*. Near the end Evil rasps, "You have an eternity of eating shit ahead of you . . . you'll rim me until Armageddon on your knees . . ." Am I getting jaded? Although monster-rimming sounds more pointless and less pleasant than changing a diaper, the threat of nasty sex just doesn't make it as the ultimate horror. Randall *can* give good line: a girl describes her young boyfriend as "a body like silk, a mind like rayon." Here's hoping Bob Randall's next book is mainstream or historical.

Odd. **Andrew Neiderman**'s ***Brainchild*** (Pocket Books) opens with an unbelievable, unlikable heroine. That would be original if it worked. Spotlighted is Lois Wilson, a cold, brilliant teen with a flair for cruel, behaviorist experiments. Enter the good-hearted bores: Mom, a thwarted cheerleader; Dad, a sickly pharmacist; and wide-eyed little Billy. While they do have the makings of jolly victims, the reader identifies only with a sidewalk ghoul riveted to the sight of a hit-and-run. *Brainchild* wants to be a fable wherein behavior-mod is bad and humanist compassion is good. But it coughs up another meaning—the smart heroine is the monster. We may be uneasy about high-powered young ladies, but having this worked on feels like laughing at a racist joke: it's embarrassing. Neiderman has done his homework on behaviorism, scene-building, and being generally appalling. Despite its offensiveness, or because of it, *Brainchild* is chilling.

Sick of horror novels peopled with normative sitcom-level families? Try **Richard Lortz**'s ***Lovers Living, Lovers Dead*** (Second Chance Press). Our gorgeous, freaky leading lady prowls the garden, padded and made-up to resemble a pregnant Egyptian queen. Her dear little twins cage giant cockroaches "to teach them tricks." This is horror? No, this is the sweet domestic backdrop against which the horror contrasts. And it works. Lortz's tale comes complete with weird rites, unheard-of drugs, and the grotesque sexual overtures of birds. Playfully, we are let in to a beautiful obsession, an obsession withering and blackening at the edges.

—Jay Rothbell

Out to Lynch

David Lynch

No, I'm sorry. There must be some mistake. The smiling, mild-mannered guy sitting behind the desk across from me cannot be the same David Lynch who wrote/directed *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*. No way. That David Lynch undoubtedly resembles *Eraserhead*'s Henry—short, dark, stoop-shouldered, tense, scared, and furtive. This alleged David Lynch is anything but those things. He's fairly tall, around six feetish, with pale, doughy skin, blond/brown/red hair, and an innocently transparent air of guileless sincerity. No chance this well-adjusted, relaxed, and articulate individual could've conceived two such dark, brooding bits of nightmare. But he insists. Would this guy lie?

David Lynch was born in 1946 in Missoula, Montana, and spent the first eighteen years of his life in a succession of five different, small-to-medium-sized American cities. He attended art school in Washington, D.C., Boston, and Philadelphia, studying painting, and began making short films while at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His third, a thirty-four-minute animated/live action feature called "The Grandmother," won him a trio of film festival prizes and paved the way for the American Film Institute-supported *Eraserhead*, inspired by his unpleasant stay in decaying Philadelphia, but filmed entirely in Los Angeles. Taking six years from conception to release, *Eraserhead* was Lynch's movie from beginning to end (seven people did everything short of developing the emulsion), and is probably the premier underground/independent American film of the seventies. It still plays the college and midnight circuits incessantly (Lynch notes proudly that all investors have been repaid, and he still receives regular royalty checks). Not bad for a strange, scarcely narrative, profoundly disturbing little film.

Within two years, Lynch found himself directing a major, studio-financed feature film, *The Elephant Man*, a marvelously realized study in compassion and human cruelty, garnered Lynch two Academy Award nominations, for best director and best screenplay adaptation. Currently he is at work on his fourth screenplay draft for the Dino De Laurentiis production of *Dune* at Universal Studios, which he is also slated to direct (Alexandro Jodorowsky and Ridley Scott have both been there before him). He is excited and optimistic about the project.

I meet him in his office on the Universal lot. To my left, arranged on a brown leatheroid couch, are five stuffed Woody Woodpecker dolls ("My boys," he calls them, and reels off their names by way of introduction). Shapes cut from red construction paper are pinned in various locations on the walls. Opposite his desk is a waist-high row of colored pushpins, to which are tied "head" strings trailing down to the floor, their ends tied around fist-sized rocks. There is something of a self-conscious idiosyncrasy about the decor, but also a deadpan humor of enforced contradiction, something I find echoed in Lynch's wry speech. I have absolutely no idea what to make of all this.

—Lou Stathis

HM: Judging from *Eraserhead*, you must've had a particularly anxiety-ridden childhood.

DL: I had a very *happy* childhood. These things in *Eraserhead* come from somewhere unseen; it's not a surface thing.

HM: Meaning it's not drawn from your own life?

DL: If it's from my own life, I don't see it. It's from so far inside, hidden, that it can only come out in an idea, which kind of balloons out. I don't know where it comes from. My childhood was picket fences, blue skies, red flowers, and cherry trees—but then I would see millions of little ants swarming on the cherry tree, which had pitch oozing out of it. I noticed these little things, but mostly what I saw was very happy. It was good times on our street—that's my life. When I first saw New York and Philadelphia, it was a little scary. A huge impression on me because the contrast was so great. It hit me harder. I really saw it, and I really felt it—the fear was so great it was unbelievable. The things I saw were so foreign, it was like being on another world.

HM: There's a great deal of sexual fear and anxiety in *Eraserhead*: spermlike things falling from the sky and getting stepped on, Mary's mother grilling Henry about whether he had "sexual intercourse" with her daughter and then pawing him . . .

DL: Yes, it's more of a reproductive fear, I think. A responsibility fear—Mel Brooks told me he saw in *Eraserhead* a tremendous fear of responsibility.

HM: A fear of adulthood.

DL: Yes, I would agree with that. I never really analyze too many things; I just go with feelings and moods. It's like an unspoken kind of logic.

HM: So do you think that being in a place like Philadelphia when you were in the process of becoming an adult—going to college, getting married, etc.—made *Eraserhead* into what it is, your "Philadelphia" movie?

DL: I'm sure. Everything around you goes in and swims around, and how it comes out is determined by your filter. Your filter is shaped through so many things in your being, in your head; that's why so much of the same material can go through different people and come out so differently in the end.

HM: What sort of process do you go through to pull this sort of stuff up?

DL: There's an original idea somewhere that's sort of a magnet, and it attracts ideas that will join up with it—sort of like a little solar system. They all swim about around this sun, which is the original idea, and pretty soon you've got a system going. And maybe something will swim through, but it won't really be part of it, so it'll keep on going and go away, because it didn't fit. And that's why I think *Eraserhead* is an honest picture—even though it isn't "normal" or explained, it goes by rules, and those rules were established to give it real honesty and a logic to it. This takes a lot of concentration—you have to spend lots of time thinking about these ideas, capturing them, because they'll swim so deep you won't see them. They'll go away—you've got to dive down there and catch them, and once you catch them you've got to look at them very carefully, because the way you see them the first time you'll forget about later on. You've got to make sure you preserve the way you originally saw them—that's where the power of the idea is. Now I know that it's good to have rules of thought, but I don't think it's too good to analyze too much while you're flowing, because sometimes you can think too much. Later on, when you look back at what you've done, it seems almost magical—there's so much power there, and so many things that were right on, but there was no thinking.

HM: Did you write an actual script for *Eraserhead*?

DL: Yes, it was twenty-one pages long. It wasn't a regular script at all, though; it was more a diagram kind of thing, to remind myself to do certain things. Even if I had scripted it out, it never would've been made in that way. So many things in a film like *Eraserhead* can't really be written down. I mean, you're forced to write things down, you end up making a different kind of film.

HM: How did you go about assembling the film?

DL: I went around finding people to work on the movie, to be in it. We started building sets and finding props, getting Henry dressed up, the whole thing.

HM: Was any of it improvised?

DL: No. I don't *hate* improvisation, but it sort of implies that you don't know what you want and you're going to fiddle around until you like something.

HM: Too uncontrolled?

DL: Yes, *way* too uncontrolled—because then that scene would influence everything that came after it. You'd never know where a movie was going if you did that. The only thing that changed was the Lady in the Radiator—she wasn't in it at all in the original.

HM: Where'd she come from?

DL: I don't know, but she's the light in Henry's life. We'd already shot the radiator, and when I got this idea, I ran back in . . . and there it was, a little hole, perfect for her to live in. The idea came in its entirety, and it fit perfectly with what we had done.

HM: Do you think visually or verbally?

DL: Yes, way more visual than verbal. It's very hard for me to write a script—I've written several, but I'm not a writer. It's kind of a shame that we have to write things down—film is so much more than just words. It's sound and picture and sequences. I wish there was some other way to represent film, some better form of visual shorthand.

HM: Do you think now that you're working within the studio structure you can still make films that satisfy you?

DL: Oh, yeah. In the future I'd like to do abstract, absurd films, because I still get the ideas like that. But I have to kind of, like, hold them now, and wait for the time to do them. Even on *The Elephant Man*, there were things in it that were abstract that had feelings and a mood that I could really get into, and now on *Dune* there are some incredible things, cinema things that I'm getting to do.

HM: You're not finding these impulses conflicting?

DL: No, then I couldn't do it. There's a way to do a commercial picture that is really powerful and has got all the ingredients that I really like. It's hard, and you've got to look high and low, but *Dune* has got all those things. There are restrictions because things cost a lot of money—this is a super-expensive picture to do. No one is really restricting me in my thinking, except for money, and that would happen on any picture.

HM: What's your fascination for machinery?

DL: I love factories. Industry, railroads, diners, anything industrial. I go for. This world, unfortunately, really only exists in our minds—If we could go into this world, it would be unbelievable. I love going in there.

HM: Both *Eraserhead* and *Elephant Man* have a frightened view of machinery—it's malevolent, threatening. Yet when you talk of it, you say you like it.

DL: You see, I like Bob's Big Boy—you don't know Bob's Big Boy, do you?

HM: We don't have it in New York, I'm afraid.

DL: Bob's is a coffee shop, and it's very clean. It's very normal, good food. And they've got a chocolate shake that's, like, the most. This is what I like, where I'd like to go—I'd like to go to Bob's, but in my mind I'd rather go into a factory world. It's too frightening to go there. I think we can only go there in the movies. I like clean, well-lit places in my life, but when I sit down and start thinking, I can go to Philadelphia. It's like looking in, but if things get heavy, then you can leave. It makes you feel comfortable and happy, so you can think of other things and concentrate on ideas. If you're miserable, you can't create.

Henry in *Eraserhead*

Nuke-Knock

It's easy enough to become blasé about instant obliteration when you've grown up in the shadow of a mushroom cloud. But the Big Bang remains *the* most compelling horror scenario simply because it really *could* happen. And now, an innovative documentary called ***The Atomic Cafe*** serves up some rather unappetizing reminders of what nuclear technology hath wrought.

A complex collage of newsreel, TV, and government film footage, the film traces an age of paranoia and indoctrination from Hiroshima through the cold war to the insanely commercialized era of atomic cocktails and shelter-equipped suburban homes. Using propaganda against itself, directors Jayne Loader and Kevin and Pierce Rafferty juxtapose the grotesque and the merely ludicrous, offering a short course in media manipulation while redefining the concept of documentary filmmaking.

Forgoing a portentious narrator to tie things together with grave 20/20 hindsight, the filmmakers let the newscasters, government officials, and pop singers of the era speak for, and frequently indict, themselves. Gallows humor abounds; you can't help but laugh when Civil Defense Daddy herds his brood into the backyard fallout shelter saying, "If there's an explosion, we'll wait about a minute after it's over and go upstairs to see if it's all right for us to clean up." But the hilarity is tempered with the gruesome, like shots of patients at the Nagasaki Infectious Hospital, and the chilling knowledge that people actually took these training precautions seriously—as if ducking under a picnic cloth could protect you from an atomic blast. Then there's the bomb itself, always cascading majestically heavenward—as a briefing officer says, "Watched from a distance, this explosion is one of the most beautiful sights ever seen by man."

The Atomic Cafe's delectable layer cake of irony and ridicule may taste more like crow to flag-waving Americans. So if it doesn't make it to your Main Street, check out the book version (Bantam), or the soundtrack LP (Rounder), a campy collection of "radioactive rock 'n' roll, blues, country, and gospel" featuring cold-war classics like "When Jesus Hits Like an Atom Bomb," and the sublimely schmaltzy "Atomic Love."

—David Keeps

CRYPTICA

Choke-a-Rat Week ■ Via those wonderful people who draw conclusions about human behavior from the study of rodents comes the latest results of undoubtedly thorough and extremely costly research. Are you ready for this? Female rats with neck collars which prevented them from licking their genitals were found to *eat their young*; rats either without collars or wearing collars which still left them free to lick their genitals *didn't* eat their young. So, folks, the message seems to be: beware of tight collars and continue to lubricate your genitals with saliva. And watch out if rats ever start experimenting on people.

As Above, So Below ■ Sinister news from the front line in Man's eternal war with termites—those wood-munching armies whose appetite continues to undermine civilization as we know it. Experiments with the chemical Methoprane are showing success in controlling the termite battalions by causing workers to mutate into soldiers. It seems soldier termites' sword-shaped mouth-parts make them incapable of feeding, and they become dependent on the dwindling number of workers to assist them. This new refinement in ecological warfare sounds like Reaganomics in microcosm, as more and more human resources seem to get channeled into supporting our own war machines. So if any readers happen to see exhausted worker termites carrying tiny anti-military placards, please inform this column immediately.

Nuke Notes ■ However hard you try to have faith, somehow Big Brother always confirms your worst fears. The bureaucrats who dreamed up the method of burying low-level nuke waste in shallow graves have uncovered sabotage by moles. Gophers, to be exact, have been detected tunneling in and around waste and burial sites, threatening to expose radioactive matter. Even if the rodents don't penetrate through to the actual graves, researchers are worried about water seepage, displacement of contaminated soil, etc. ■ Still, it should comfort you to know that when it comes to a nuclear holocaust everything's been taken care of ahead of time. The Federal Emergency Management Agency has stockpiled large amounts of essential materials for the eventuality: 130,000 pounds of opium, 150,000 pounds of goose feathers, and 22,000,000 fluid ounces of castor oil.

War Games ■ So you thought germ warfare was all about test tubes full of lethal brew which could instantly dispatch millions with some exotic new plague? Think again. Military strategists, figuring that they would be in equal jeopardy as their targets if these old-style substances were deployed in battle, have now changed tack. New-style biological weapons will feature new, more virulent forms of existing "softer" diseases—like the good, old-fashioned flu—to temporarily debilitate defenders while attacking armies wheeze through. ■ Still, according to other sources, future wars won't be nuclear or biochemical, but fought by computers on a grand scale—wreaking their own brand of socioeconomic catastrophe by manipulating global weather forecasts, sabotaging commodities markets, secretly screwing up computer programs which control energy distribution, and subverting the World Banking System's Electronic Transfer Network. Pleasant dreams . . . .

—Melik Kaylan

VIDEO MEDIA MANIA!

© 1982, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

POW! BANG! ZOOM! THAT'S THE SOUND OF THE VIDEO GAME EXPLOSION.

PING! CLINK! THUD! THAT'S THE SOUND OF FAST-BUCK ARTISTS TRYING TO CASH IN ON IT. VIDEO GAMES HAVE SPAWNED A BIG PARASITE INDUSTRY FEATURING BOOKS, RECORDS, MAGAZINES, AND MOVIES.

THE FIRST + BEST SONG I EVER HEARD ABOUT GAMES WAS **SPACE INVADER** BY THE PRETENDERS FROM THE FIRST LP, AN INSTRUMENTAL. GOOD STUFF. SO IS **VIDEO GAMES** BY RONNY JONES, A FUNKY TUNE THAT CAPTURES THE FUN OF PLAYING ARCADE GAMES. I GIVE IT A 98 'CAUSE YOU CAN DANCE TO IT. ON THE OTHER HAND, **PAC-MAN FEVER**, THE LP BY BUCKNER + GARCIA, IS A CONTRIVED INTERPRETATION OF EIGHT VIDEO GAMES. I GIVE IT A 35.

TRON IS A GREAT MOVIE IF YOU HATE MOVIES. THE STORY IS NUMBINGLY STUPID, AND THE CHARACTERS SO INANE I WAS HOPING THEY'D ALL DIE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THE EFFECTS ARE OVERRATED, TOO. IT'S LIKE WATCHING A CAR COMMERCIAL FOR TWO HOURS. LET'S HOPE **STAR BLASTERS**, DUE OUT IN 1983, IS BETTER.

THREE DIFFERENT MAGAZINES DEVOTED TO VIDEO GAMES HAVE COME OUT SO FAR. **ELECTRONIC GAMES** WAS THE FIRST AND DOES A GOOD JOB, ESPECIALLY ON HOME GAMES. **VIDEO GAMES** LOOKS GOOD, TASTES GREAT, AND COVERS ALL ASPECTS OF VIDEO GAMES DILIGENTLY. THE FIRST ISSUE OF **VIDEOGAMING ILLUSTRATED** PUBLISHED SOME EXCELLENT TIPS ON DEFENDER, BUT OVERALL THE WRITING AND GRAPHICS ARE WEAK.

THERE ARE A LOT OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET. HERE'S A QUICK LOOK AT MOST OF THEM.

VIDEO INVADERS (ARCO) BY STEVE BLOOM. VERY INFORMATIVE. HE EXPLAINS THE HISTORY, INVENTION, TECHNOLOGY, AND THE PHENOMENA OF VIDEO GAMES IN DETAIL.

THE OFFICIAL I HATE VIDEO GAMES BOOK (POCKET BOOKS) BY STEVE PRAEGER. A VERY FUNNY PARODY OF VIDEO GAMES. WON'T IMPROVE YOUR SCORE, BUT SO WHAT?

SCORE! HOW TO BEAT THE TOP 16 VIDEO GAMES (SIGNET) BY KEN USTON. GOOD STRATEGIES, EASY TO READ. THE BEST "HOW-TO" BOOK.

HOW TO BEAT THE VIDEO GAMES (FIRESIDE) BY MICHAEL BLANCHET. USELESS. ABSOLUTELY THE WORST. AVOID AT ALL COSTS.

THE WINNER'S BOOK OF VIDEO GAMES (WARNER) BY CRAIG KUBEY. GOOD STRATEGY FOR ASTEROIDS, OTHERWISE FORGET IT. ANNOYING WRITING STYLE. HATES GALAXIANS.

SECRETS OF THE VIDEO GAME SUPERSTARS (AVON) BY LEN ALBIN. HE INTERVIEWS SOME EXPERT PLAYERS. THE WRITER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT, SO HE FAKES IT.

HOW TO WIN AT VIDEO GAMES (SEEKMAN HOUSE) BY CONSUMER GUIDE. BEAUTIFUL FOUR-COLOR LAYOUTS, GOOD TIPS, INTERESTING INFORMATION. A REAL BARGAIN.

HOW TO MASTER THE VIDEO GAMES (BANTAM) BY TOM HIRSCHFELD. SERIOUS TEXTBOOK THAT OFFERS LOTS OF GENERAL TIPS. EH!

HOW TO MASTER THE HOME VIDEO GAMES (BANTAM) BY TOM HIRSCHFELD. COVERS 15 HOME GAMES IN PAINSTAKING DETAIL. IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT ANY OF THEM, IT'S FOR YOU.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO CONQUERING VIDEO GAMES (COLLIER) QUICK LOOK AT HUNDREDS OF GAMES. COVERS THE HOME VERSIONS WELL BUT SKIPS OVER THE ARCADE GAMES.

THE PLAYER'S STRATEGY GUIDE (DELL) BY ELECTRONIC GAMES. A THOROUGH GUIDE TO PLAYING ATARI VCS VIDEO GAMES, INCLUDING ACTIVISION, TELE-ARCADE, AND APOLLO. REQUIRED READING FOR CONEHEADS AND GEEKS.

PAC-MANIA (SEEKMAN HOUSE) BY CONSUMER GUIDE. THIS ONE'S GREAT FUN. IT COVERS STRATEGY AND PATTERNS FOR PAC-MAN AND MS. PAC-MAN, EVERY HOME VERSION, THE HAND-HELD MODELS AND PAC-MAN PINBALL. ALSO COVERS PAC-PHENOMENON - THE CLOTHING, MERCHANDISE, RECORDS, COMIC STRIPS, BOARD GAMES, ETC. BEAUTIFUL COLOR PICTURES. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST.

MASTERING PAC-MAN (SIGNET) BY KEN USTON. THE MOST EXHAUSTIVE AND BEST BOOK ON PAC-MAN. LOTS OF PATTERNS.

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO PAC-MAN (BANTAM) BY JIM SYKORA AND JOHN BRUNER. ANOTHER BOOK OF PAC-MAN PATTERNS.

SCORING BIG AT PAC-MAN (WARNER) BY CRAIG KUBEK. STILL ANOTHER BOOK OF PATTERNS.

HOW TO WIN AT PAC-MAN (POCKET BOOKS) BY CONSUMER GUIDE. PATTERNS IN COLOR.

HOW TO WIN AT MS. PAC-MAN (POCKET BOOKS) BY CONSUMER GUIDE. MS. PAC-MAN PATTERNS IN COLOR.

THE VIDEOMASTER'S GUIDE TO DONKEY KONG (BANTAM) BY STEVE SANDERS. A LOT OF STRATEGY AND VERY BAD WRITING.

HOW TO WIN AT DONKEY KONG (POCKET BOOKS) BY CONSUMER GUIDE. FUN, STRATEGY AND PATTERNS IN FOUR-COLOR SPLENDOR. AWRIGHT!

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO CENTIPEDE (BANTAM) BY RON DUBREN. THE BEST "HOW-TO" BOOK ON ANY GAME. GOOD GRAPHICS, EASY TO READ, AND A CHAPTER ON UNORTHODOX PLAYING STYLES. EXTRA - THE SECRET BLOB!

THE VIDEO MASTER'S GUIDE TO DEFENDER (BANTAM) BY NICK BROOMIS. THE PITS. UGLY DRAWINGS, STUPID WRITING, THE WORKS.

ALTOGETHER, AFTER READING DOZENS OF ARTICLES AND BOOKS ABOUT VIDEO GAMES, I CAN ONLY HOPE IT GETS BETTER. NOT MUCH OF THE WRITING IS AS GOOD AS WHAT YOU FIND IN ARMY TECHNICAL MANUALS.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE *YOU* ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR *ANY* FUNCTION ON *ANY* WORLD?

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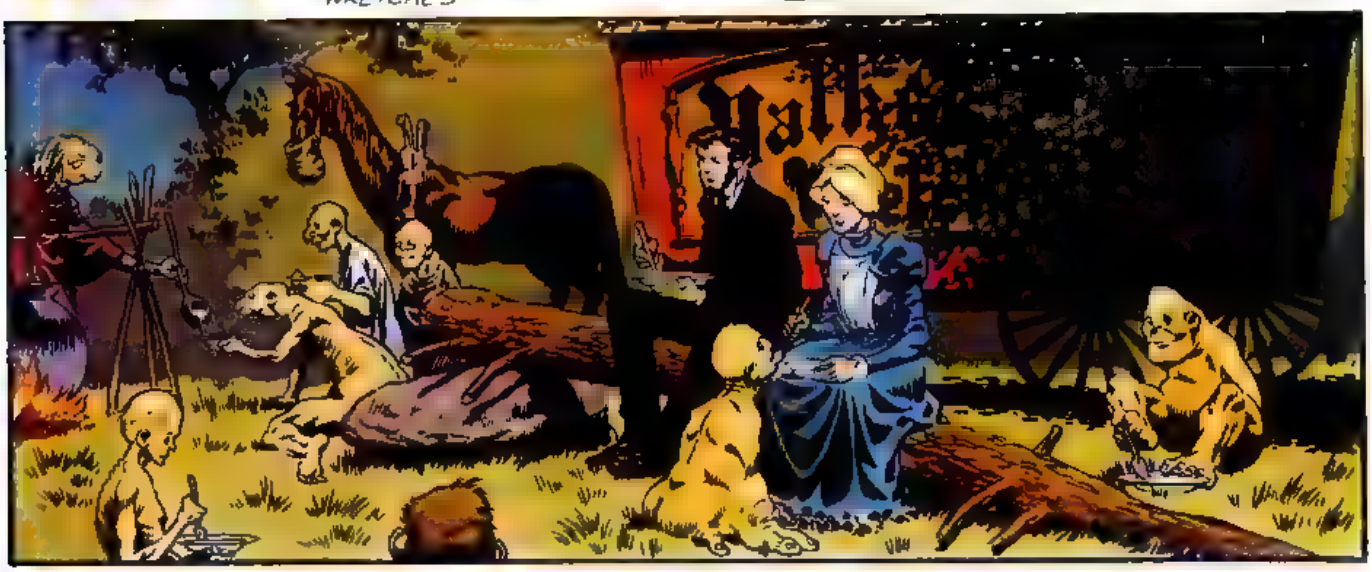
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

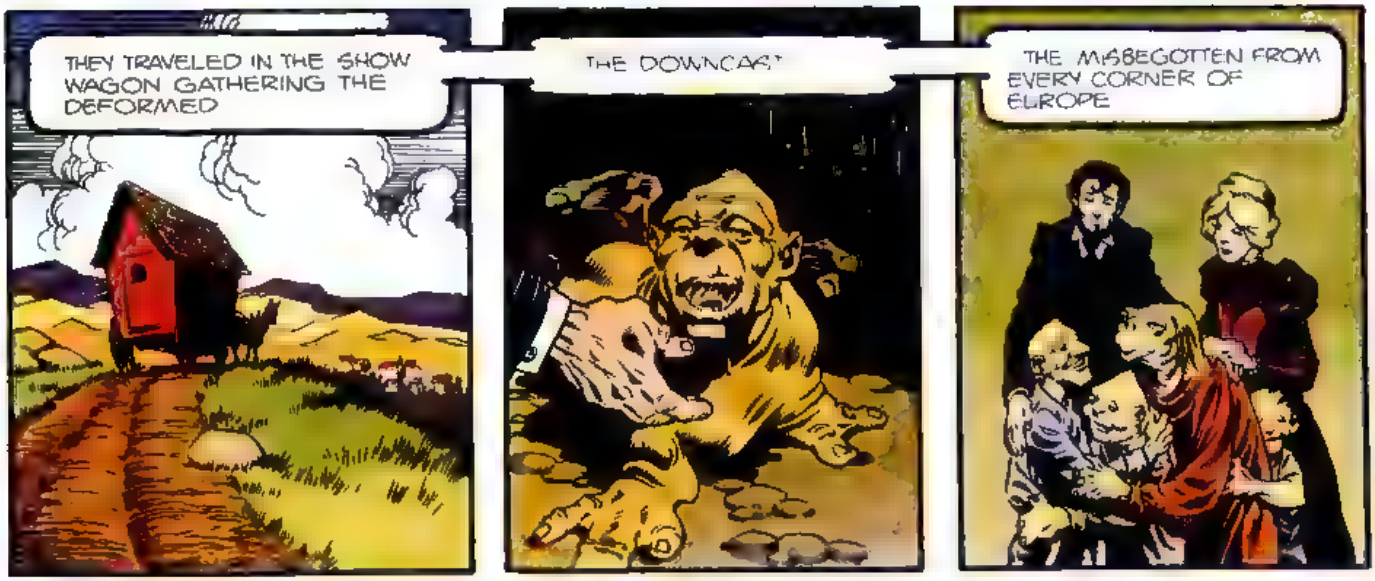
FREAK SHOW

WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON

THE STORY SO FAR: THE DARK STRANGER TOLD OF LILA WHO, IN RUNNING FROM HER PAST, STUMBLED UPON 'VALKER'S WRETCHES."

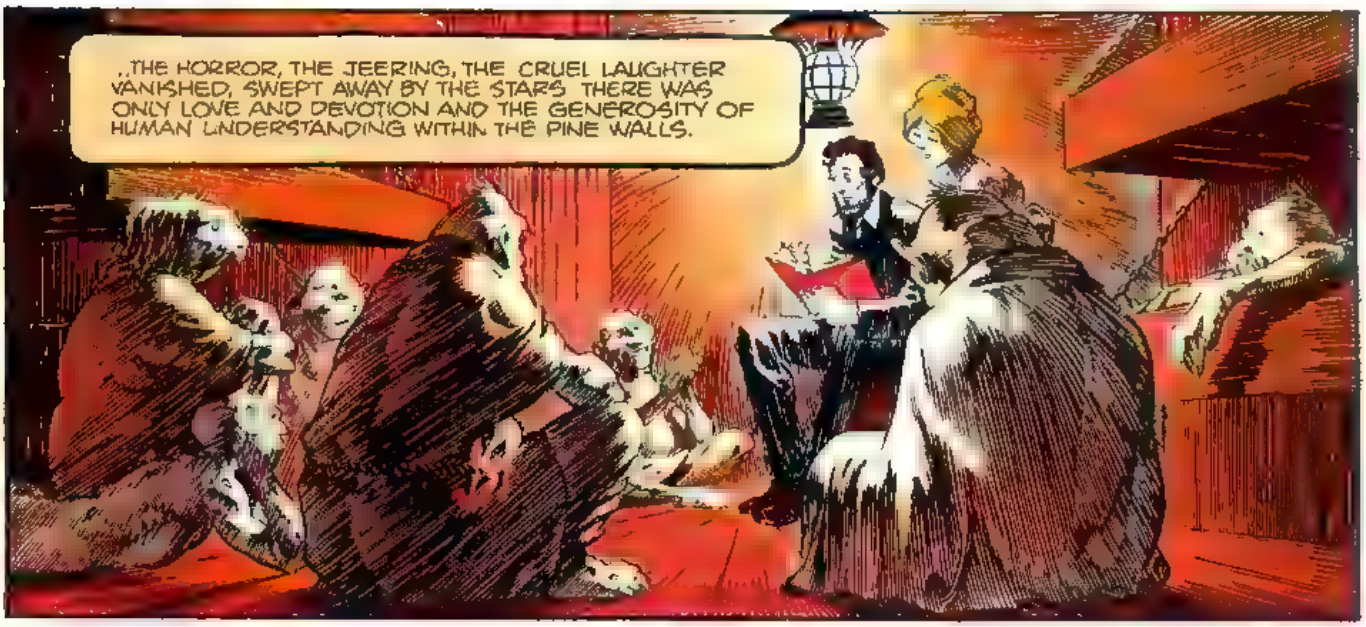
THEY LIVED TOGETHER, THE LITHE, BLONDE WOMAN NAMED LILA, THE TALL, DARK-BEARDED MAN NAMED VALKER. THEY LIVED WITH DEJA THE FROG-GIRL AND ROBIN THE BIRD-BOY AND POSIE THE PINHEAD AND WILHELM THE WORM AND GEORGE AND ZIGMUND AND ALL THE OTHER MISSHAPEN FREAKS OF NATURE WHO FOLLOWED THEM.

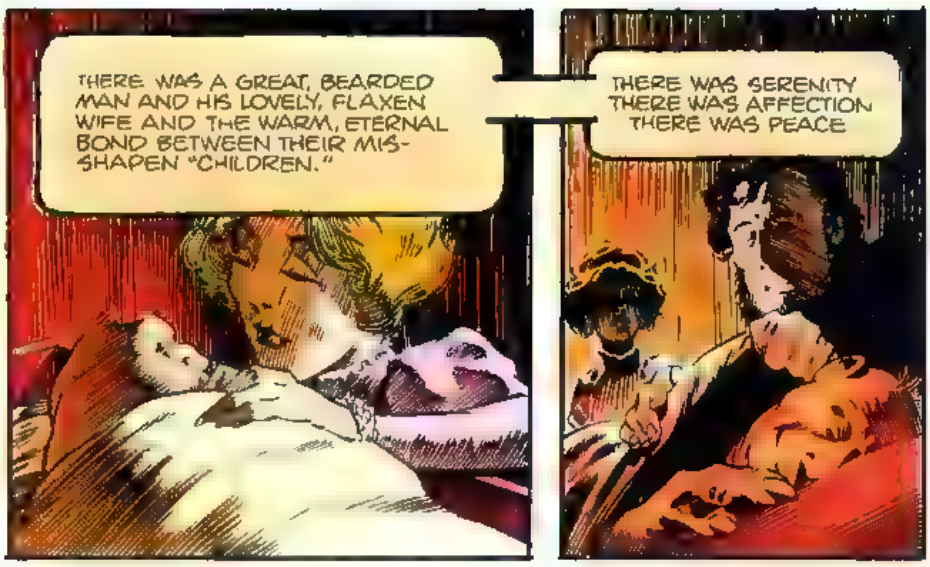


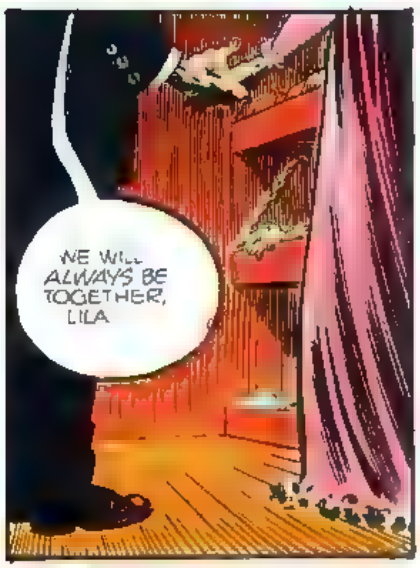


AND WHEN THE LAUGHING, HOOTING CROWDS GATHERED FROM THE TOWNS AND HAMLETS, AND THREW DOWN THEIR COINS AND AWAITED THE "ENTERTAINMENT," VALKER DREW THE CURTAIN AND UTTERED THE SAME CRYPTIC WORDS EACH DAY
LET THESE WRETCHES WHO CLING TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE
THE CURTAIN WAS DRAWN
THE CROWD GASPED
. THE HORRORS WERE REVEALED .

BUT AT NIGHT, WHEN THE CROWDS HAD DISPERSED, GONE SNICKERING TO THEIR WARM HOMES AND THEIR NORMAL, HEALTHY LOVED ONES, A DIM LIGHT GLOWED SOFTLY FROM THE SILENT SHOW WAGON WINDOW. A DEEP, GENTLE VOICE INTONED ACROSS THE HUSHED WOODS


..THE HORROR, THE JEERING, THE CRUEL LAUGHTER VANISHED, SWEPT AWAY BY THE STARS. THERE WAS ONLY LOVE AND DEVOTION AND THE GENEROSITY OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING WITHIN THE PINE WALLS.


THERE WAS A GREAT, BEARDED MAN AND HIS LOVELY, FLAXEN WIFE AND THE WARM, ETERNAL BOND BETWEEN THEIR MIS-SHAPEN "CHILDREN."
THERE WAS SERENITY THERE WAS AFFECTION THERE WAS PEACE

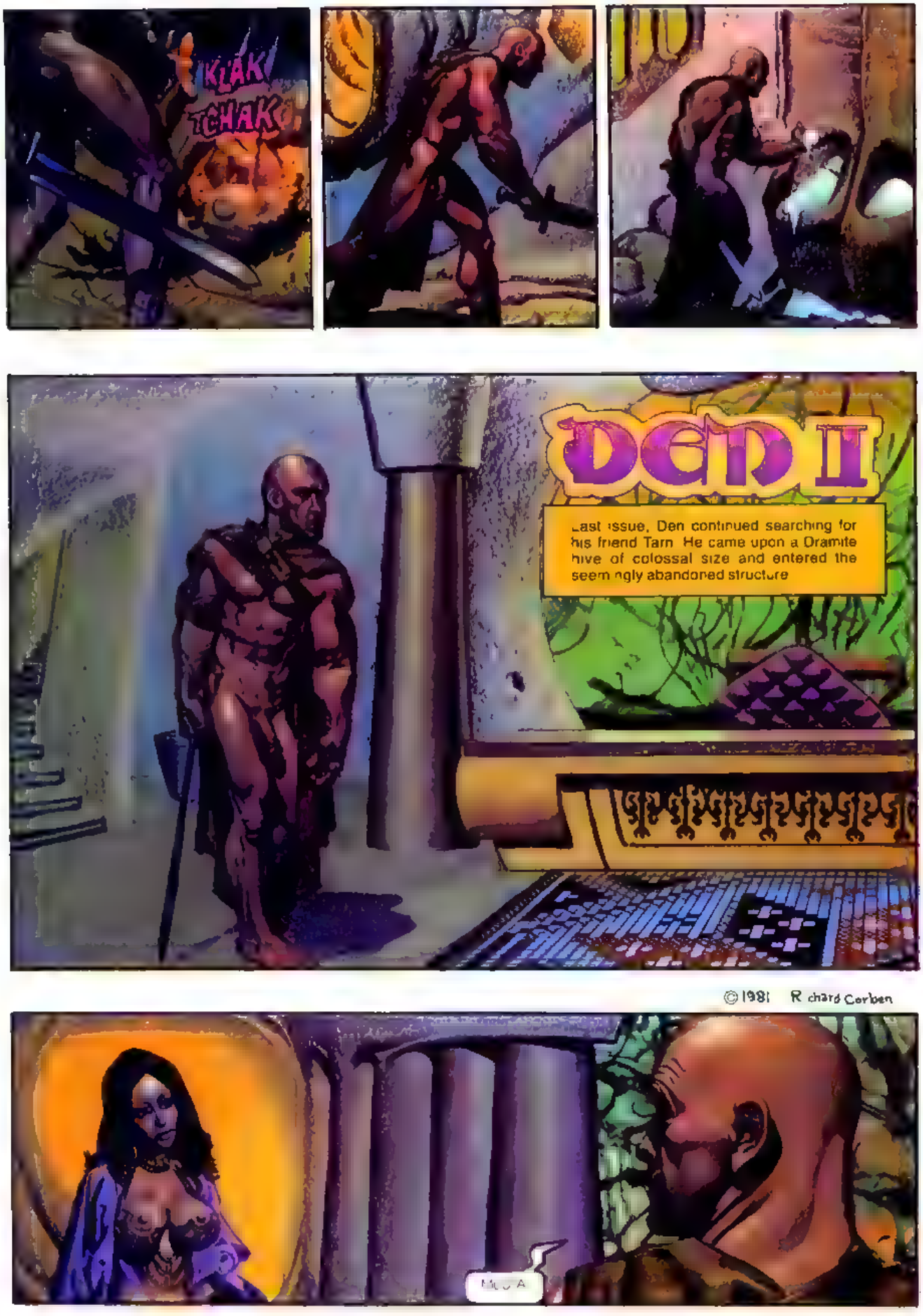

WE WILL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER, LILA

LILA BECAME PREGNANT IT WAS AN EVENT MET WITH MUCH CELEBRATION AND HAPPY ANT CIPATION BY BOTH VALKER AND HIS JOYOUS FREAKS IN A CAMP FILLED WITH SO MUCH LOVE, COULD NOT ONE MORE SMILING FACE ONLY INCREASE THEIR HAPPINESSZ
BUT IT WAS A PAINFUL LABOR, FRAUGHT WITH ILL-NESS AND MISERY LILA BECAME DEATHLY PALE, FLICKERING LIKE A CANDLE IN A WIND BETWEEN UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND PAIN, HER LOVELY FACE AN ASHEN MASK OF AGONY
I'LL GO FOR A DOCTOR!
NO, DARLING! DON'T LEAVE ME!
BESIDE HIMSELF WITH ANXIETY, VALKER PACED OUTSIDE THE WAGON, SURROUNDED BY A SILENT VIGIL OF FREAKS, LISTENING TO THE DESPERATE WHIMPERS WITHIN
AND WHEN THE PRESSURE BECAME MORE THAN HE COULD BEAR

VALKER SLINKED QUIETLY TO THE REAR OF THE WAGON, LIFTED A WEATHERWORN BOX LID, DUG BENEATH A TATTERED OIL CLOTH
..AND WITHDREW THAT WHICH HAD BEEN THE BANE OF HIS ENTIRE YOUTH THAT WHICH HE SWORE A SOLEMN OATH ON HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE TO NEVER TOUCH AGAIN
I-I PROMISED M-MYSELF I PROMISED THEM ALL . NEVER AGAIN WOULD I DRINK
NEVER AGA N WOULD I PARTAKE OF THAT WHICH NEARLY DESTROYED MY YOUNGER LIFE
. THAT WHICH DROVE ME TO DO MAD THINGS, TERRIBLE THINGS TO PEOPLE AND FRIENDS
.. THINGS I WOULD SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE MAKING UP FOR
THE WHIMPERING FROM THE WAGON GREW LOUDER
P-PERHAPS JUST ONE
YES, JUST ONE BUT THE WHIMPER NG W TH N GREW TO AGON ZED CRIES OF PAIN AND THE LOUDER THE CRIES THE MORE TIMES THE GLASS WAS FILLED UNTIL THE GLASS WASN'T NEEDED AT ALL, JUST THE BOTTLE AND THEN ANOTHER BOTTLE .. AND THEN ANOTHER

TOWARDS DAWN A MISSHAPEN SHADOW SCUTTLED TOWARDS THE TREE WHERE VALKER LAY SNORING IN DRUNKEN SLUMBER
MASTER! MASTER, WAKE UP!
AUHZ- DEJAZ
A GRL HEH-HEH! A BEAUTIFUL NEW GIRL!
A GIRLZ I HAVE A LITTLE BABY DAUGH-
TER!

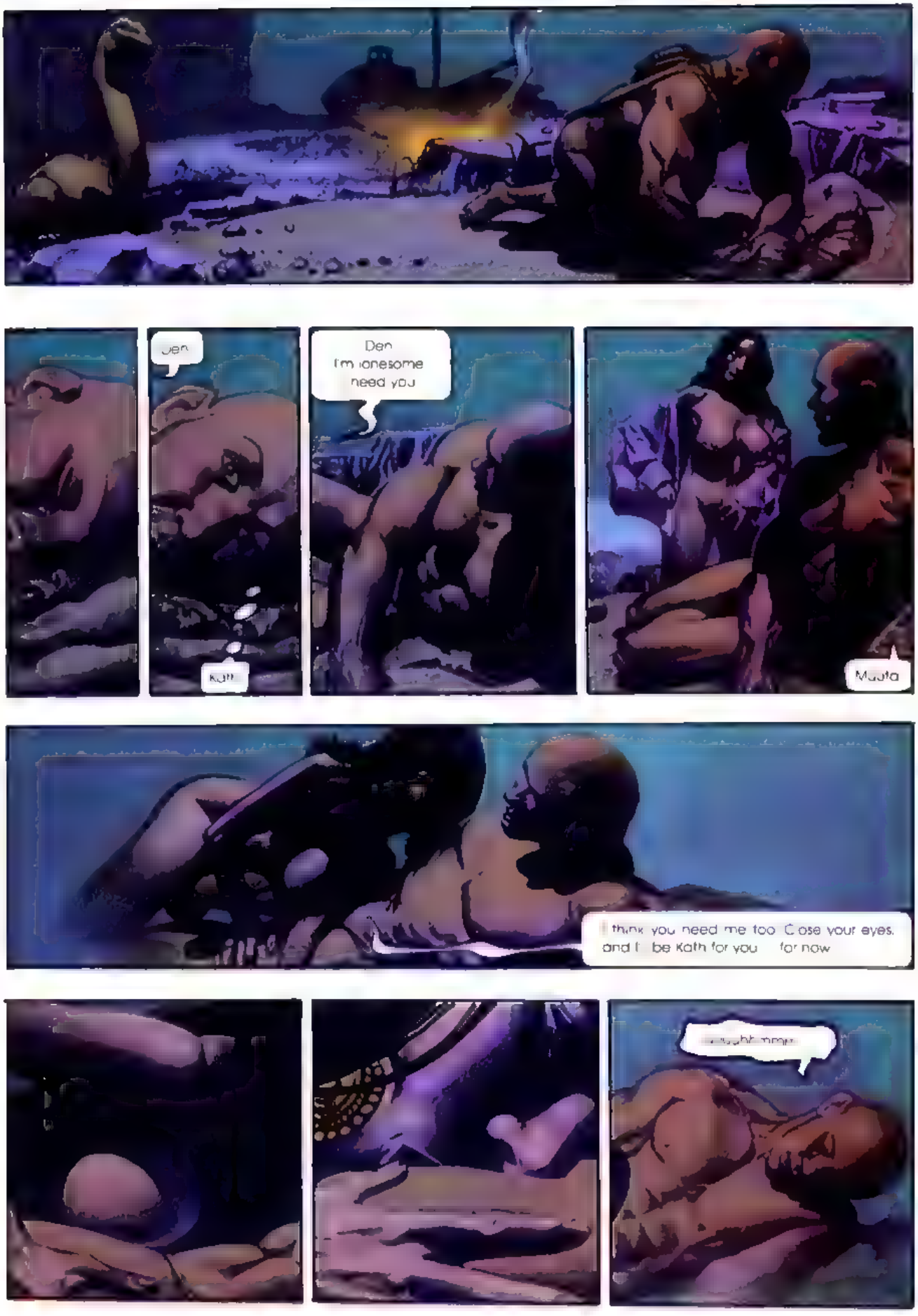
TO BE CONTINUED..

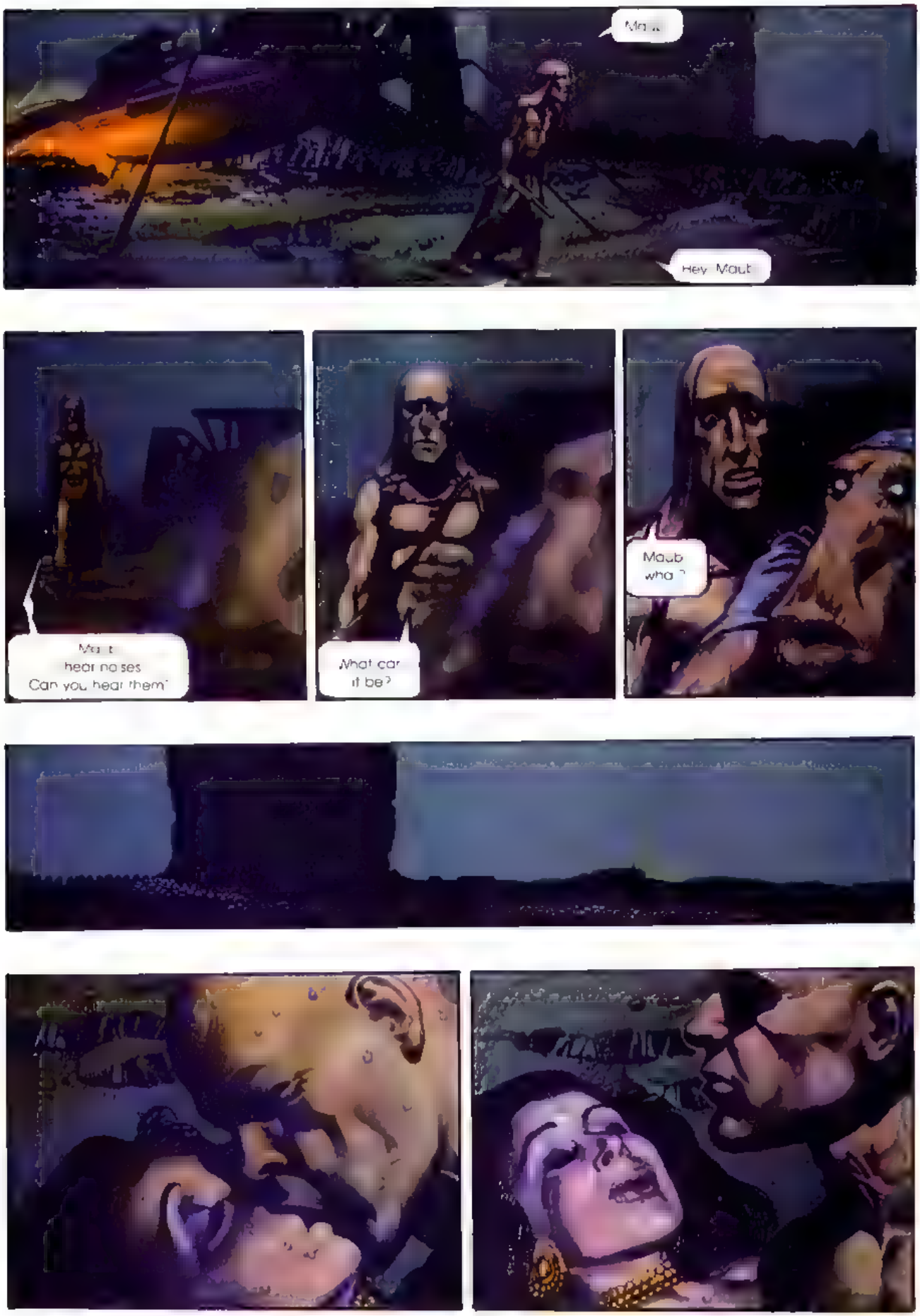

KIAK!
TCHAK!
DEN II
Last issue, Den continued searching for his friend Tarn. He came upon a Dramite hive of colossal size and entered the seemingly abandoned structure
©1981 Richard Corben
MUA

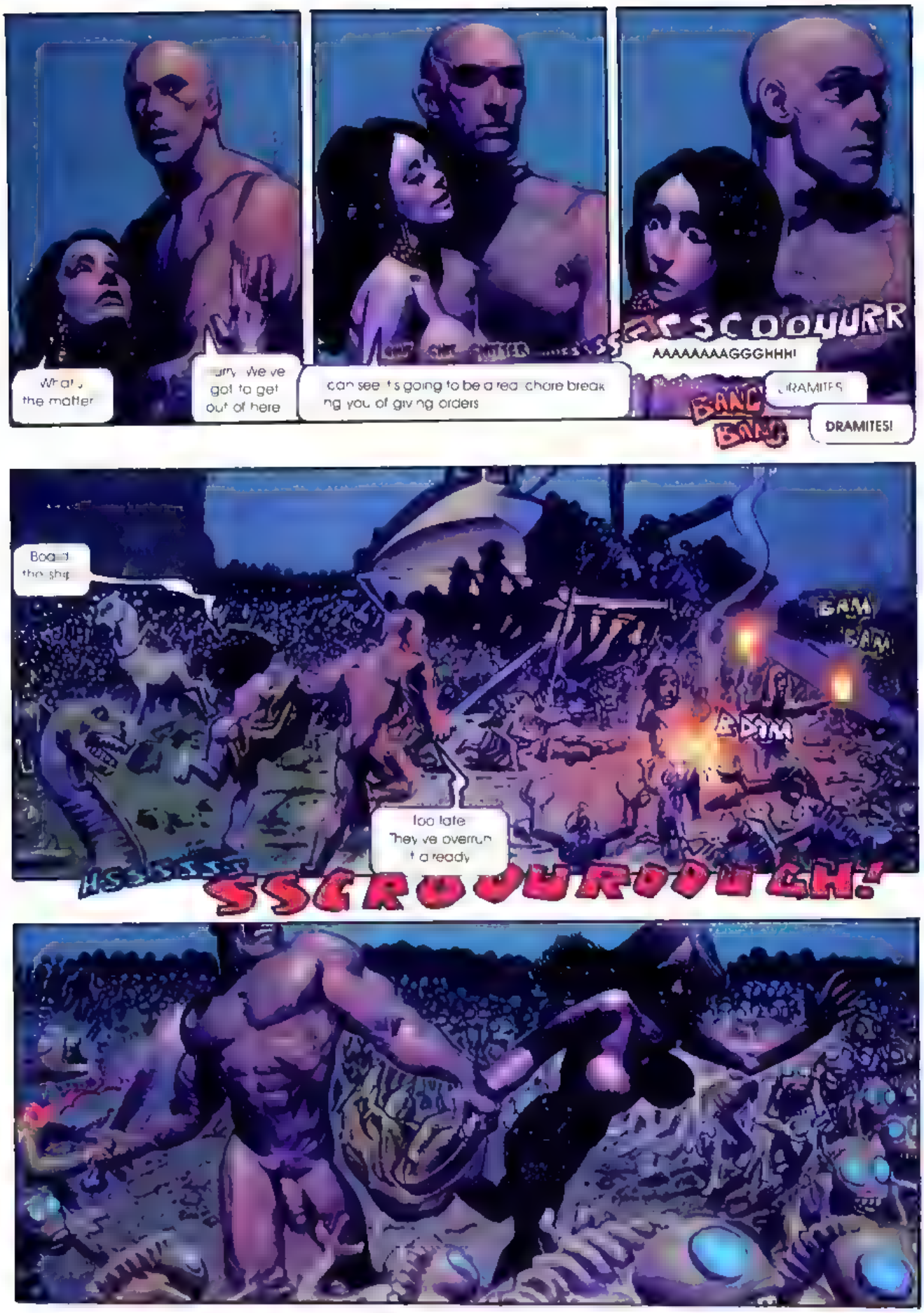
Den at last You know ve eally gone to a lot of trouble to find you
How did you know had returned and that I would be here?
occas and s buy cloth fabrics and jewel from the Lorunga Zeg s guard Dorf was there and told me
beat you here on my airship ve been wa t- ing for two days now
But why?
I know you're searching for Tarn. w help you. After all, he was once my betrothed

Though I don t love h m t ou an t bea the thought of him destroy ng himself on ac count of me
I be leve he will head for my estate, Muc'aron
We can trave together on my airship

No. the ship is too cramped for sleeping We'll comp on the ground and start n the morn ng


Den
Kath
Den
I'm lonesome
need you
Maata
I think you need me too Close your eyes,
and I be Kath for you for now


Hey Maub
Maub
hear no ses
Can you hear them?
What can
it be?
Maub
who?



To be continued..

The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films
is pleased to announce the winners of their Ninth Annual Awards Ceremony.

Actor
Harrison Ford
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Actress
Karen Allen
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Supporting Actress
Frances Sternhagen
Outland

Supporting Actor
Burgess Meredith
Clash of the Titans

Direction
Steven Spielberg
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Screenplay
Lawrence Kasdan
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Soundtrack
John Williams
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Special Effects
Richard Edlund
Raiders of the Lost Ark

Make-up
Rick Baker
American Werewolf in London

Costume
Bob Ringwood
Excalibur

Science Fiction Film
Superman II
Warner Bros.

Fantasy Film
Raiders of the Lost Ark
Paramount Pictures

Horror Film
American Werewolf in London
Universal Pictures

International Film
Quest for Fire
Twentieth Century-Fox

Low-Budget Film
Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker
IFM

Life Career Award
Ray Harryhausen

Outstanding Achievement
Quest for Fire
Twentieth Century-Fox

President's Award
Time Bandits
Avco

Executive Achievement
Hans Salter

Heavy Metal **wishes to extend congratulations to all of the winners. We would also like to thank the Academy for the Golden Scroll Award for Outstanding Achievement, presented to us on June 30th, 1982, by Dr. Donald Reed.**

I'M AGE

© J. JONES 1992

LEGEND HAS IT THAT NOT LONG AGO IN A PLACE NOT FAR AWAY, A YOUNG WOMAN DISAPPEARED

ONE NIGHT SHE WENT ALONE INTO THE FOREST TO TRAP A **MAN**

BUT IN THE MORNING SHE WAS GONE.

AND STORIES OF A GREAT BEAST PREVAILED IN THE LAND.

NOW, NO ONE GOES TO THE FOREST ALONE FOR FEAR OF THE NORTHWESTERN **BIGHEAD**.

WHY DIDN'T SHE RUN?

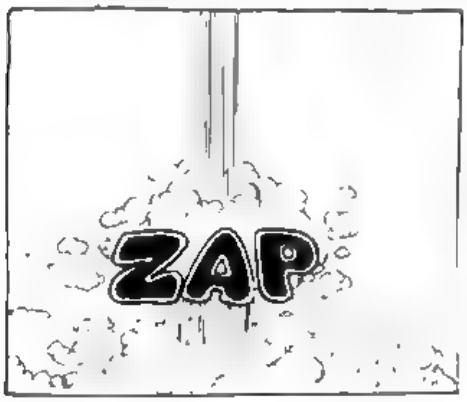
I GUESS IT WAS DISGUISED AS A **MAN**.

© 1992 JEFFREY JONES

THE APE

LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG APE, CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS, MET WITH THE MASTER, INTENT ON LEARNING THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY HE HAS NOW LEARNED ALL THERE IS TO KNOW

HE WENT TO LEARN ABOUT IMMORTALITY HE CLAIMS HE NOW KNOWS THE "FORMULA" AND WON'T STOP TALKING ABOUT IT
BY THE WAY, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE YOUNG APE THAT AMUSING FELLOW WHO WAS BORN FROM THE EGG OF A STONE?
AMUSING? HE'S REMARKABLE! HE ALREADY KNOWS SEVENTY-TWO TRANSFORMATIONS AND RIDES THE CLOUDS LIKE A REAL COWBOY!
AND SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THE GROTTO OF THE OBLIQUE MOON AND THE THREE STARS ON THE MOUNTAIN OF THE SACRED TERRACE
YOUNG APE CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS, LET ME SEE A FEW OF THE MAGIC FORMULAS I HAVE TAUGHT YOU!
YES, RIGHT AWAY, MASTER!



COME AND LET ME SHARE ANOTHER FORMULA WITH YOU IT'S CALLED TRAPEZE OF THE CLOUDS, AND IT WILL PERMIT YOU TO FLY ACROSS THE WORLD IN A SINGLE DAY
FASTER THAN A JET? WONDERFUL!
WHAT DAMNED LUCK THAT MONKEY HAS! IF HE LEARNS TO FLY LOW ENOUGH, HE CAN DISTRIBUTE MESSAGES, LETTERS, AND BROCHURES. WHY, HE'LL BE IN BUSINESS FOR LIFE!
I WANT THE MASTER TO TEACH ME THAT ONE ABOUT TURNING BARK INTO FISH. MAYBE EVENTUALLY, I COULD PUT UP SAIL, GO TO THE RIVIERA, AND OPEN A RESTAURANT
THANKS AGAIN, DEAR MASTER
I'LL SCRUTINIZE IT THOROUGHLY
I WOULDN'T MISS IT!
I'LL TELL HER!
MY PLEASURE. NOW STUDY THAT LAST FORMULA!
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW?
MY BEST TO YOUR MOTHER!
HEY! ASS-KISSER! ENOUGH! YOU'VE BEEN KOWTOWING TO THE MASTER FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW!
SAY, WILL YOU SHOW US A TRICK?
MAYBE JUST A SHORT FLIGHT? A QUICK TRANSFORMATION?
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO? A PINE TREE?
SURE! FIVE TO ONE SAYS YOU CAN'T DO IT!
I'LL BET YOU ALSO!
TRANSFORMATION!
HE DID IT!
HE ACTUALLY CAN DO IT
LOOK AT THE BRANCHES!
DO YOU SMELL THAT STENCH?
MORE! MORE!
WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE?

IT'S YOUR FAVORITE STUDENT, MASTER! HE'S BEEN SHOWING OFF ALL THE DIFFERENT FORMULAS YOU TAUGHT HIM!
CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS! I DIDN'T TEACH YOU THOSE MAGICAL FORMULAS IN ORDER FOR YOU TO OPEN A SIDE SHOW!
BUT, SINCERELY, I...
YOU MUSTN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER!
WHERE WILL I GO?
SIGH YOU HAVE BEEN A STRANGE STUDENT HERE YOU ARE M-MORTAL WITH ALL THE TRANSFORMATION SECRETS UNDER YOUR BELT YOU COULD FLY FARTHER THAN ANY A-R-LINE COMPANY INCLUDING TWA, AND YET YOU STAY HERE AND SHOW OFF TO THESE MORTALS YOU MUST GO - DON'T FORGET YOU ARE A KING AND YOUR PEOPLE NEED YOU!
HARK! THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING FOR ME! I MUST GET TO THE GROTTO OF THE HANGING WATER!
GOOD-BYE, O MASTER! GOOD-BYE!

AH! HOW EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED!
HOTEL
SOUVENIRS
BAZAR
RESTAURANT
PUB
MARKET
SHOP
STOP
IT WAS A DEMON FROM THE NORTH HE CAME IN WITH THE FOG, AND YOU WEREN'T HERE TO DEFEND US!
SOUVENIR PICTURE SIR? ONLY TEN YUENS!
BAZA
I'LL GO NORTH AND SEEK REVENGE! AFTER ALL, I AM YOUR KING!
UH!
WHICH WAY?
HE LEFT THAT WAY NORTHEAST, I BELIEVE. YOU BETTER GO QUICKLY, HE USUALLY HITCHES A RIDE AT NIGHT WITH THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
DIE!
GET YOUR VERTICAL WATER! FIVE YUENS FOR THREE CANS!
AFTER A DIRECT FLIGHT TOWARDS THE POLAR STAR..
I BROUGHT LAST WEEK'S NOTES
PUT THEM ON THAT PILE OVER THERE!

OFFERINGS OF SILVER? THAT'S NOT VERY MUCH!
A HOLOCAUST! NO. NO. NO! I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED!
AND WHAT ABOUT THE HIDING PLACE? WE MUST CLOSE UP THAT DAM SURREPTITIOUSLY!
WE CAN'T IGNORE A MESSAGE LIKE THAT! I'LL TAKE A LOOK! BY THE WAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT THE ROMAN EMPIRE FELL?
MEETING OF THE COUNCIL WILL NOW COME TO ORDER!
THE DOCTOR IS OUT. ERRR RATHER, IN A MEETING.
GO AND TELL YOUR BOSS THAT A MASTER FROM THE HANGING WATER GROTTO IS HERE. I'VE COME TO SETTLE UP WITH HIM!
GREAT KING... WHAT A TERRIBLE THING!
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT THE APES, AND HERE IS THEIR KING. HE DOESN'T SCARE ME ERRR. IS HE ARMED?
HE'S OVER THERE... UNARMED!
HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS? SO, HE KNOWS MAGIC QUICK, BRING ME MY EQUIPMENT!

WHERE IS THIS FIERCE YOUNG APE, MASTER OF THE HANGING WATER?
HERE I AM. BUT WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE DEMON OF SPECULATION IF YOU WILL
FLEE FROM MY FLESH! TAKE THAT!
THE YOUNG APE, NOW IMMORTAL, IS ABLE TO TRANSFORM EACH AND EVERY HAIR ON HIS BODY, IF HE IS SO INCLINED. AND SO HE WAS, FOR HE RIPPED OUT A SMALL TUFT OF HAIR.. CHEWED IT QUICKLY, AND..
TRANSFORMATION!
TO BE CONTINUED...
KATMANDU
HORSE
ACID
OVERDOSE
junkie

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That s what the publishers of com c books n the late Sixt es were saying You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and letter ng," they said "The public wants assembly-l ne art You guys are crazy '

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_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6 75 (KGFUNNY)
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OCTOBER

SCARY DREAMS

THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

Phobias from the Dawn of Time to the Space Age

The patient was a tall, burly man of thirty three His general practitioner referred him with "a type of agoraphobia" from which he had suffered on and off for four years He felt unsafe because "the earth is a ball spinning around and I am on it" He became completely incapacitated and had to be admitted to a hospital with the fear of "going to disappear into outer space" Because of depression he had a short course of electro-convulsive therapy which left his fears unchanged Phrases which commonly occurred included "It's space that's getting me—the curvature of the globe makes everything insecure," and he would talk of "taking cover from all the space around." If he went outside and saw other people, he would say, "Do these other people realize what danger they're in on this spinning ball we call a globe?" His fear was summed up by himself as follows "Primitive man had a fear of the sun and the moon and the stars, and I am the same"

—*from* Phobia of Outer Space

In the winter of 1958 Dr. R. J. Kerry, a psychiatrist at the United Sheffield Hospital in London, was treating no less than four patients with severe cases of outer space phobia According to his notes, three of them started to experience strange panic attacks shortly after the first Russian sputnik went into orbit the terror of the fourth was triggered by newspaper accounts of the Sir Vivian Fuchs expedition across Antarctica in 1957—"He never got over the fact," Dr Kerry reported, "that people were walking around upside down."

All four phobics were afraid that their gravity would slip somehow, and off they'd go, floating into space A starry moonlit night overwhelmed them with fear and trembling—as it had, *perhaps*, overwhelmed their primitive ancestors—but with a decidedly twentieth-century twist For the patient described above the notion that just a few miles above his head loomed the cold vacuum of space was enough to tie his stomach in knots for days Winter was especially hard on him, he fretted that the weight of the freshly fallen snow would unbalance the earth, tilting it off its axis

Space phobic number two used to get "tied up" on eastbound trolleys, when he'd imagine the earth spinning in the opposite direction, and couldn't figure out which way he was going. The third feared that "the earth might collide with another planet" and the fourth paled at the thought of "all the collisions there might be up in outer space because of all this indiscriminate sending up of satellites"

When Kerry described his patients the following year in a British psychiatric journal outer space entered medical annals as the newest addition to the ever growing array of bizarre and dreadful phobias which have plagued mankind from the dawn of time to the space age. More recent additions have included phobias of credit cards and computers As man's knowledge of the universe has expanded so it seems has his abject horror of it

Still, the fear of open spaces, not outer space, is far and away the most popular phobia Fully half of all phobics suffer from agoraphobia (or *Platzangst*, "place terror" as German doctors call it), and are horrified to leave their houses A large proportion of the remaining 50 percent are claustrophobics, people afraid of staying in. After that come the other everyday horrors illness phobias, animal phobias, social phobias (fears of eating drinking, blushing, or vomiting in public) obsessive phobias of harming people or babies, swearing, or making obscene gestures, and the other miscellaneous phobia demons of every shape and form

People are horrified of hair beds and frogs (trichophobia clinophobia, and batrachophobia, respectively) They're afraid of sleeping (hypnophobia), of opening their eyes (optophobia), and of their fellow human beings (anthrophobia) Current psychology texts list some 150 flavors of phobias (See the sidebar for our favorites.) Some have the ring of ominous wisdom—ballistophobia, the fear of missiles, or nucleomituphobia, the fear of atom bombs But most range from the ridiculous botanophobia fear of plants to the very ridiculous arachibutyrophobia, the morbid fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of the mouth Arachibutyrophobics not only can't eat peanut butter but they can't watch others eat it, walk down the peanut-butter aisle of the supermarket or so much as *think* thoughts of peanut butter The mere mental image of a jar of Skippy will send them into gagging fits

The sickness is real, make no mistake about it However strange the reasons for it, the sickness most assuredly exists with real physical symptoms that are so aversive that phobics, after a time, quite naturally start doing things—sometimes very odd things like washing their hands seventy or eighty times a day—to keep them from happening again But the effort is hopeless The phobic monsters live *inside* their heads There's rarely an escape route. People's lives—as a result of their phobias—are filled with a nightmare horror fully equal to the most grotesque imaginings of the souls who inked the current issue of this magazine

Take someone with a phobia of mice, for instance A shadow glimpsed out of the corner of the eye, or a barely audible crackle in the woodwork, is enough to trigger an onslaught of gruesome symptoms Clammy shivers undulate from the base of the spine to the nape of the neck The heart races, the breath comes in short gasps, pains shoot through the arms and shoulders and

Illustration by Kenneth Smith

by Jeff Goldberg

from the darkest, dankest pits of the imagination the pictures loom up of bristling musty-smelling animal fur, cold nasty unblinking black eyes pointy yellow carnivorous teeth, and naked pink wormlike tails. First one, then two, then a pack of them. Little sharp nails of ten thousand scaly paws crackle thunderously in the brain, as the belly contorts in chilling waves of nausea

Which, when you stop to think about it, is a pretty ridiculous reaction to a cute little cuddly furry creature with big ears and eyes. But hundreds of thousands of people can't stop thinking about mice without coming unstrung in precisely this way And millions more experience similar uncanny attacks if they contemplate any of the objects or situations which push their particular panic buttons

That's right, millions According to medical records phobias are the most common form of madness, and judging from the historical record, they have been so for quite some time

Phobias are named after the ancient Greek god Phobus, lord of war and slaughter His fearsome bearded visage alone was enough, Greek warriors believed, to send enemies into paroxysms of fear, and so they artfully depicted old Phobus on their shields and weapons. Yet, the real avatar of phobias in Greek mythology wasn't Phobus but another god, Pan Pan was so ugly that when he was born his own mother ran away in horror, leaving Greek storytellers at a loss to say who spawned the sacred monstrosity He had little horns, a little beard, and the legs, hooves, and tail of a goat (the very devil himself, in later legends)

Pan would sleep in forests and caves, and if by chance a stranger should wake him, he'd let out such a horrible yell that the trespasser's hair would bristle, in what today we call *panic*-fear Despite such antics, the goat-god was adored by the Greeks, who held drunken revels in his honor, a custom echoed in the present day by the thousands of fans who honor their favorite monsters in movie houses throughout the land. Pan is supposed to have died in April of A.D. 1, but panic-fear most certainly lived on

> One durst not walk alone from home for fear he should swoon or die. A second fears every man he meets will rob him, or quarrel with him; another dares not go over a bridge, come near a pool, rock, steep hill, or lye in a chamber where cross beams are, for fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate himself If he be at a sermon, he is afraid he shall speak aloud, at unawares something indecent If he be in a locked room, he is afraid of being stifled

Agoraphobia, androphobia, emetophobia gephydrophobia, claustrophobia senseless panic fears didn't rise full blown out of the strains and stresses of the Industrial Age, as this chronicle of seventeenth-century phobias, compiled by the venerable English cleric Robert Burton, amply illustrates Such demons were so prevalent in 1621, the year Burton published *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, his famous treatise on psychosomatic illnesses, that countless nervous men and women, he claimed never ventured out of their houses without a flask of vinegar to sniff at lest they be overcome by some phobia or other and faint

There have been as many fads in phobias as there have been in fashions, and this was as true in Robert Burton's day as it was in the first days of the space race The phobia of the moment, in 1621, was syphilophobia Syphilis had just appeared in Europe for the first time, and thousands of perfectly healthy men thought they had it, or were doomed to get it. "If but a pimple appears" one physician complained "they distract themselves with terrible apprehensions And so strongly are they possessed with this notion that an honest practitioner generally finds it more difficult to cure the imaginary evil than the real one " (A similar phenomenon occurred when germs were discovered in the nineteenth century; a veritable epidemic of microphobia swept Europe and America.)

Curing phobics was, until Freud came along, a frustrating and thankless task for doctors, which is why, perhaps their methods have often been quite as horrible as their patients' worst phobic fears

> A Frankish physician examined the woman and said, "This is a woman in whose head there is a devil which has possessed her, shave off her hair " Accordingly they shaved it off, but her imbecility took a turn for the worse The physician then said, "The devil has penetrated through her head " He therefore took a razor, made a deep cruciform incision until the bone of her skull was exposed, and rubbed it with salt

The patient, according to this account by the twelfth-century monk Thabit, was never again tormented by her phobias, "she expired instantly." Rubbing the brain with salt, bleeding blistering leeching, and cupping were common treatments for phobias and mental illnesses of all description in medieval Europe

Such wonder cures for phobias didn't originate in the Middle Ages, though Back in the first century, the Roman doctor Celsus proposed this—as he thought—sensible cure for hydrophobia (fear of water): "There is but one remedy, to throw the patient unawares into a water tank If he cannot swim, let him sink under, then lift him out; if he can swim, push him under at intervals "

Shock treatment and lobotomy are the modern equivalents, and they've worked with about the same lack of success, claims of their proponents to the contrary As recently as 1966, a surgeon named I. M Marks boasted that his "modified' prefrontal lobotomies were a dynamite cure for phobias Eleven agoraphobics lobotomized by Marks were compared with a group of unlobotomized phobics over a six month period Marks was pleased to report that phobias "improved significantly" in the lobotomized group. His patients apparently developed other interests, summarized by Marks as follows: "Drug addiction (1) alcoholism (1), poorer memory or concentration (4); irritability (8) apathetic and lazy (6) " Drug addiction, tanger, laziness, and struggling to remember where they lived constituted by I. M. Marks's lights—"a more active existence" than the patients had previously known The control group, on the other hand, kept their frontal lobes and their dull, phobia-ridden lives

Doubtless such well-meaning but woefully clumsy medical interventions down through the ages have been responsible for more than one case of iatrophobia, a morbid fear of doctors

History is chock full of famous phobics The Roman Emperor Augustus Caesar couldn't sit alone in the dark King James I of England swooned at the sight of an unsheathed sword, the poets Emily Dickenson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the French mathematician Pascal were all agoraphobics, Charles Darwin even became frantic at the sight of caged snakes, the American financier Howard Hughes was so microphobic that he wore—and insisted his visitors wear white gloves, to prevent contamination by germs while they were shaking hands; and Sigmund Freud, the father of psychotherapy, suffered severe attacks of thanatophobia and siderodromophobia (fears of death and trains) for ten years, while formulating his revolutionary theories

Throughout the 1890s, when Freud was in his thirties (a particularly phobia-prone age, later researchers have discovered), and getting precious little of anything except ridicule for his pioneering work, he was absolutely terrified of train travel Days before a journey—according to a biographer, Ernest Jones Freud's mood would plummet from "elation and self-confidence to depression and doubt "

And then there were the heart attacks to contend with, sometimes several a day, for days on end "They came suddenly " Freud wrote in an 1896 letter, "the maddest racing and irregularity, constant cardiac tension, oppression, burning, hot pain down the left arm—all that in two or three attacks a day and continuing. And with it an oppression of mood in which images of dying and farewel scenes replaced the more usual fantasies about one's occupation "

There was nothing at all wrong with Freud's heart mind you, and as a doctor he certainly knew it But that was little comfort when the death fear hit. Such grim illusions haunted Freud until he discovered that they were mere figments of his id Phobias, like virtually every common household neurosis, he said, resulted

from "the accumulation of sexual tension, produced by abstinence or by sexual frustration." Freud never told what else he did to cure himself, besides analyzing his dreams, but after this realization he was never again troubled with phantom heart attacks or any other phobias.

Before Freud came along, the most popular explanation for phobias was that they were engendered in offspring *in utero* when their mothers were frightened by a mouse, cat, dog, or whatever fearful object. Even the great seventeenth-century French philosopher Descartes subscribed to this simple bit of folklore. 'For it is certain," he reasoned, "there is an affinity between the emotions of the mother and the child in her womb, so that whatsoever is displeasing to one offends the other."

The same explanation was offered by the French surgeon LeCamus to partially excuse the strange behavior of King James I of England. The King, who became terror-stricken at the sight of an unsheathed sword, LeCamus claimed, inherited the condition from his mother, who while pregnant witnessed the assassination of one of her close friends.

This fancy was scoffed at as ridiculous by latter-day wise men, except for the Freudians. They came up with something nearly as wild when they tried to figure out why fantasies about life in the womb often accompanied the panic attacks of claustrophobics and people who feared being buried alive. One of Freud's disciples, an American psychiatrist named Bernard Lewin, came up with a wonderful solution to this riddle in 1936.

Contrary to what they, themselves, said, claustrophobics, Lewin concluded, actually *liked* small, enclosed places. They reminded them of floating in the womb. What they feared was something Descartes and LeCamus would never have guessed. And what was this fearful object? Dad's ding-a-ling, of course. "The anxiety appears to be linked," avowed Lewin, "to fear of being dislodged from the womb by parental coitus, by the father's penis, or by his pressure on the mother's body."

Black bile was another favorite scientific explanation for phobias for about 2500 years. Hippocrates himself first introduced the concept back in 450 B.C. in a discourse on men "who feared that which need not be feared." In it he described "the morbid condition of Nicanor. When he used to begin drinking, the girl flute player would frighten him; as soon as he heard the first note of the flute at a banquet, he would be beset by terror." What Freud would have made of girl flute-player phobia isn't hard to imagine, but Hippocrates was quite sure that Nicanor merely suffered from an "overheated" brain and a surfeit of black bile, the body's "melancholic" humor. The black stuff, explained Hippocrates, was released to cool the overwrought brain, but in doing so caused chills and tremblings.

Today's medical scientists would most likely blame phobic symptoms on an excess of dopamine. One of about forty neurohumors in the body, dopamine is produced deep inside the brain in a cluster of glands and nerve cells called the limbic system. Researchers have been able to artificially stimulate dopamine production—in dogs, anyway—by shocking parts of the brain with surgically implanted electrodes. The results: "fear and flight, fear and defense, fear and rage."

The grand rush of fear that phobics experience is strictly "dopamenurgic," scientists feel, and they speculate that dopamine abnormalities may also be implicated in everything else from sleep disturbances to schizophrenia. Until they come up with a dopamine antidote, however, doctors are likely to continue prescribing Valium for their phobic patients.

Of course, some folks get off on dopamine rushes. Why else would people pay real money to be scared shitless by giant phobic fantasies acted out on the big screen in living blood. Almost every spine chilling variety of terror tale and monster movie is based on some common phobia. Think about it. Triffids and other man-eating plants, simple botanophobia; zombies, pure necrophobia; killer bees, just apiphobia; great white sharks, mere ichthyophobia; and buckets of blood, all hematophobia.

Not that there's anything new in this. A century ago, Edgar Allan Poe understood full well the depths of horror contained in "everyday events which torture and destroy," and he worked claustrophobia, animal phobias, and the terror of being buried alive into some of his most famous stories.

Victims bound or buried alive in hoary old houses and rat-infested basements, with the walls closing in, and a pack of zombies waiting outside—dopamine freaks love this sort of thing. The fine hairs bristle on the napes of their necks, chills run down their spines, and queasiness grips their stomachs. It's very nearly what a full fledged phobic feels while facing down a mouse or contemplating going outside.

Why some people enjoy these sensations and others are sickened almost to death by them are mysteries even the geniuses of modern brain chemistry may not be able to solve. Yet, perhaps the strangest and most paradoxical fact about phobias is that these monsters of awesome dread seem to submit rather docilely to twentieth-century therapies. Not just psychoanalysis, understand, but occupational therapy, group therapy, LSD therapy, hypnosis, and even acupuncture have been used over the last few decades, with an amazing two-thirds success rate to treat phobics of every make and model. The greatest number of successful cures have been accomplished with behavior modification techniques in which pleasurable rewards are combined with phobic situations to "desensitize" patients to their fears.

Any kind of *gentle* intervention seems to work, which is where the physicians of old went so miserably wrong. All that people seem to need to conquer their fears is a little encouragement and gentle counsel.

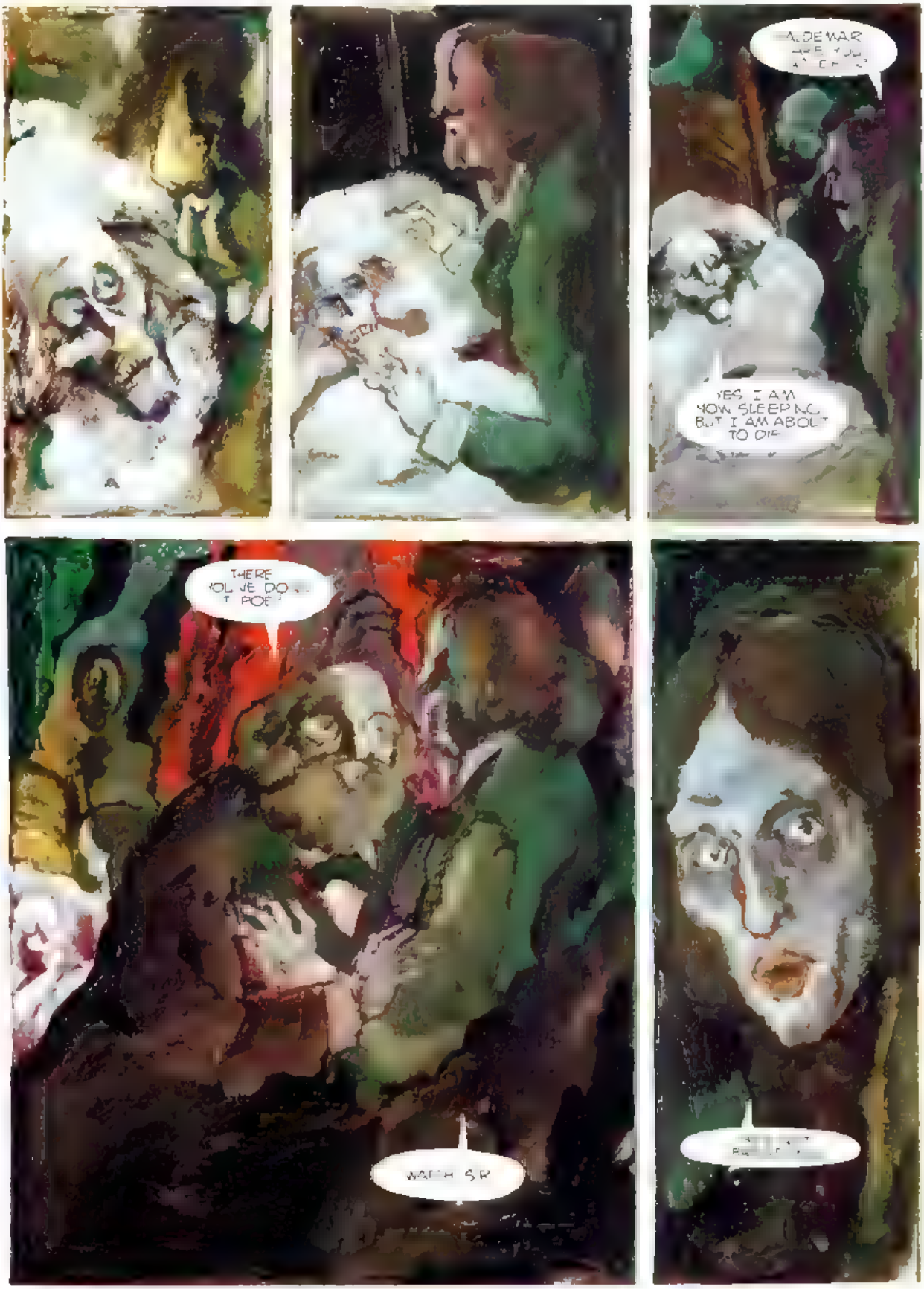
This isn't to say that phobic fears will soon be banished forever. More likely, even now, a whole new crop of terrors is blossoming like weeds in the fertile soil of the human imagination. As Dr. Kerry of London discovered, you never know what folks will be terrified of next. But, with a little help, a lot of people are finally waking up from their nightmare terrors and discovering that these phobic monsters, ancient and varied though they may be, are really just shadowy nothings, made of air and a few nanograms of dopamine: mere bubbles which can be burst readily enough.

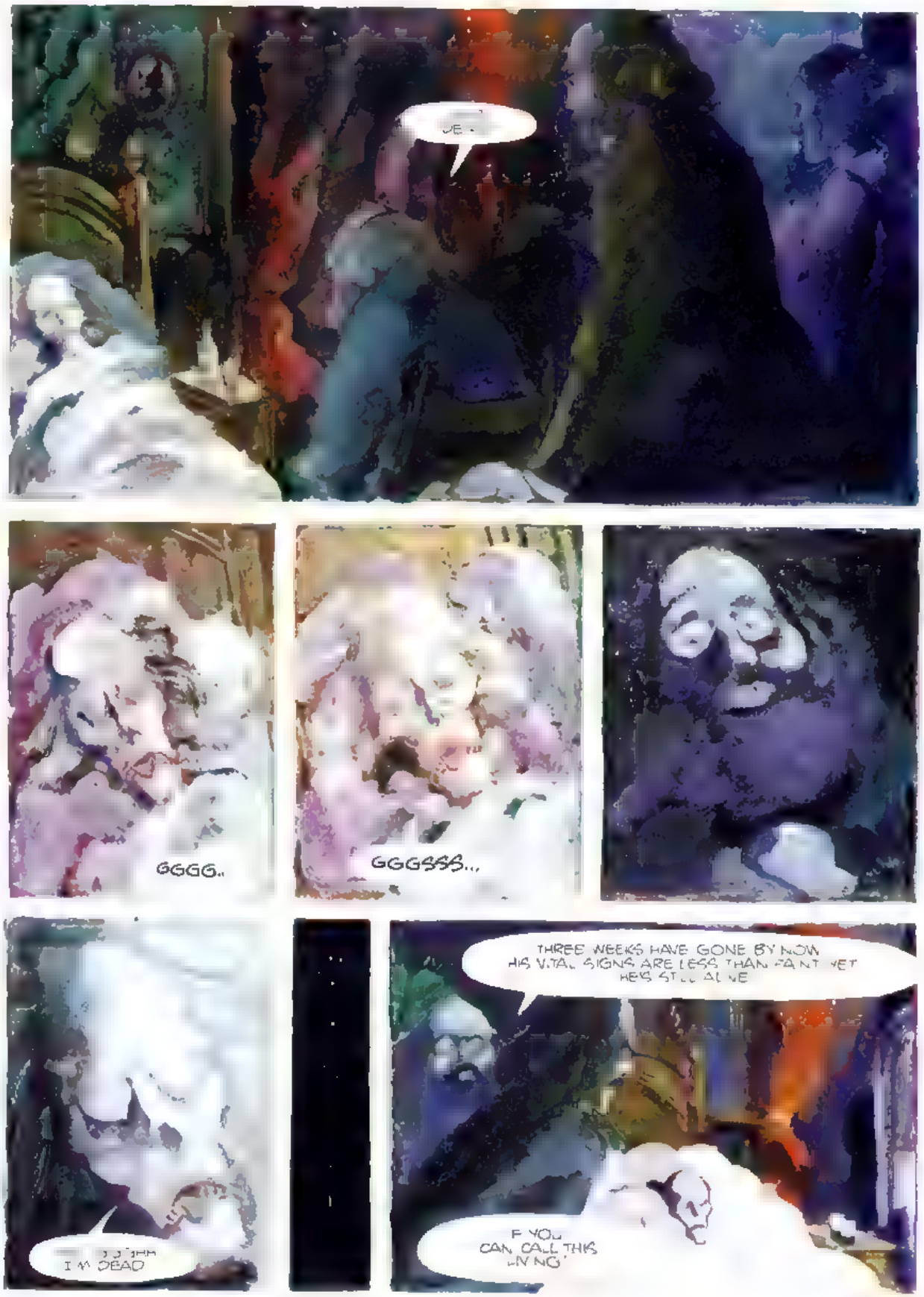
Favorite Phobias

Alcoholophobia—fear of alcoholic beverages
Anthophobia—fear of flowers
Automysophobia—fear of being dirty
Belonephobia—fear of pins
Decidophobia—fear of making decisions
Dermatophobia—fear of skin diseases
Dextrophobia—fear of the right side
Emetophobia—fear of vomiting
Ergasiophobia—fear of work
Ereuthophobia—fear of blushing
Erotophobia—fear of sex
Gamophobia—fear of marriage
Gynophobia—fear of women
Helminthophobia—fear of worms
Homilophobia—fear of sermons
Levophobia—fear of the left side
Meteorophobia—fear of meteors
Odontophobia—fear of teeth
Panphobia—fear of everything
Pediophobia—fear of dolls
Phobophobia—fear of being afraid
Proctophobia—fear of rectal disease
Spermatophobia—fear of sperm loss
Stasibasiphobia—fear of standing and walking
Triskaidekaphobia—fear of the number thirteen

MISTER VALDEMAR
HYPNOTIZE A DYING PERSON? WHY THAT'S VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE
THERE IS NO WAY TO TELL WHAT WILL HAPPEN ONCE HE HAS BEEN PLACED IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE
WELL WHAT TO HAPPEN?
WHO KNOWS? BUT I HAVE A WILLING SUBJECT POE
WHO? FOR WHAT?
THE MAN TO HYPNOTIZE REMEMBER ERNEST VALDEMAR THE WRITER? YOU KNOW THE THIN GUY THAT SCARED PEOPLE HALF TO DEATH!
YES, I REMEMBER HIM
WELL, HE'S ON HIS DEATH BED AND HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO EXPERIENCE THE SENSATION OF HYPNOSIS

BUT
YOU'VE GOT THE TECHNIQUE DOWN PAT IF NOT FOR PURE ENJOYMENT YOU MUST DO THIS FOR SCIENCE
WE MUST HURRY, POE VALDEMAR'S CONDITION IS WORSENING.
IS HE STILL LIVING, NURSE?
YES, DOCTOR, BUT I DON'T THINK HE CAN HOLD ON MUCH LONGER
QUICKLY YOU MUST HYPNOTIZE ME BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE


ALDEMAR
YES, I AM
NOW SLEEPING
BUT I AM ABOUT
TO DIE

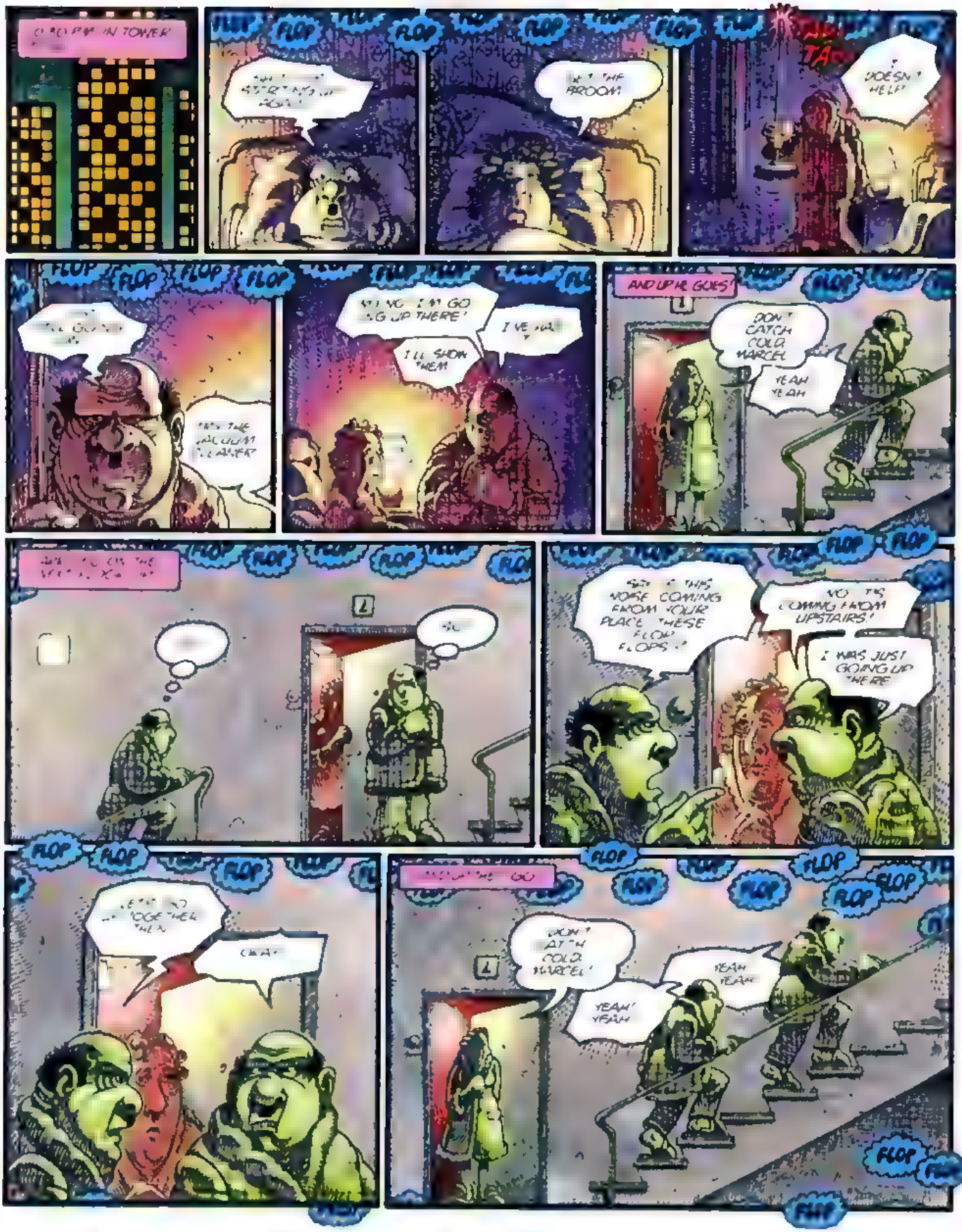

GGGG..
GGGSSS...
THREE WEEKS HAVE GONE BY NOW
HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE LESS THAN FAINT YET
HE'S STILL ALIVE
I'M DEAD
IF YOU
CAN CALL THIS
LIVING

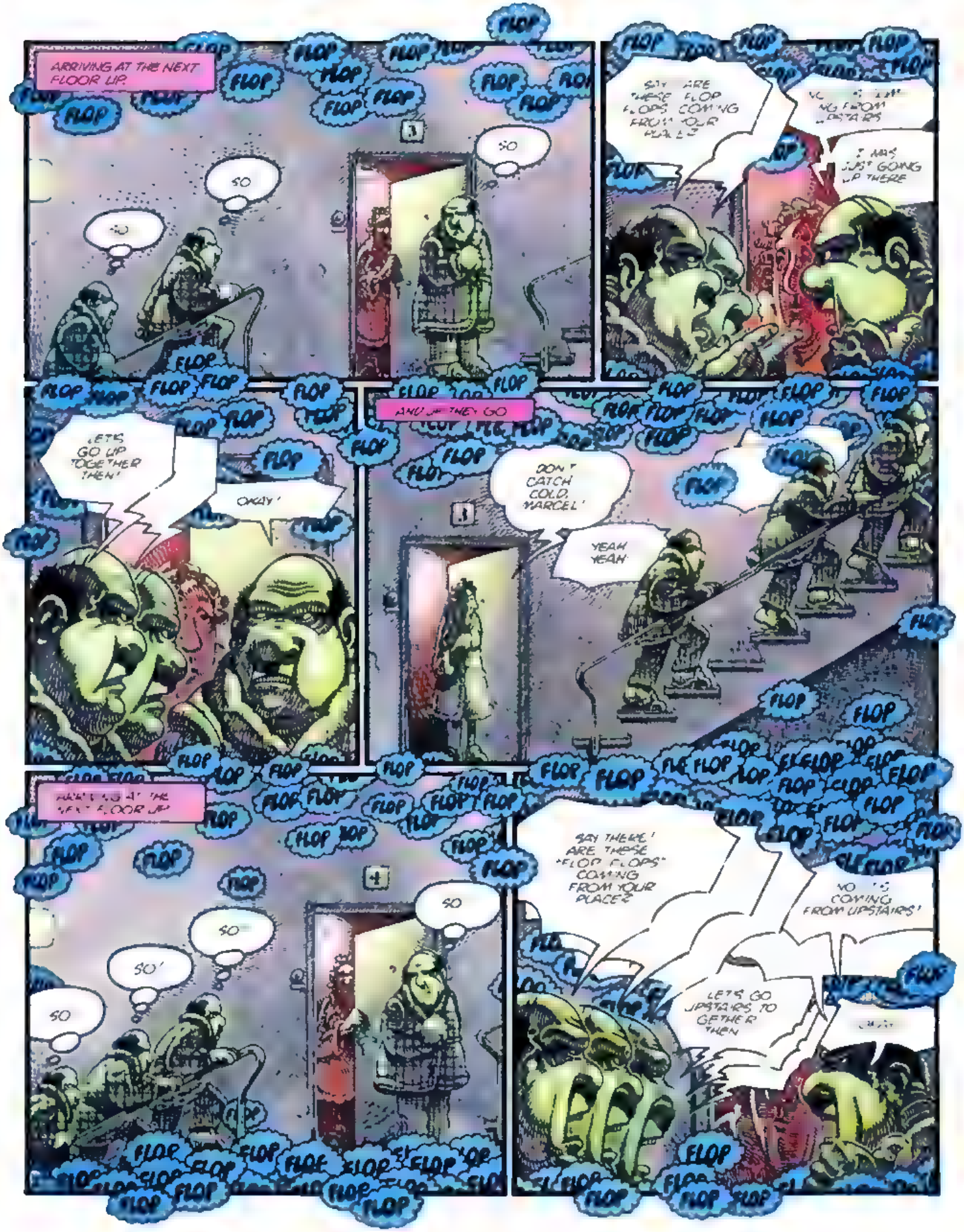
SIX MONTHS HAVE PASSED
UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T MAKE HIM SPEAK AGAIN.
POOR YOUNG MAFT COME AND SEE ALDEMAR HE'S MOVING HIS LIPS
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO
MR ALDEMAR CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT SENSATIONS OR DESIRES YOU HAVE

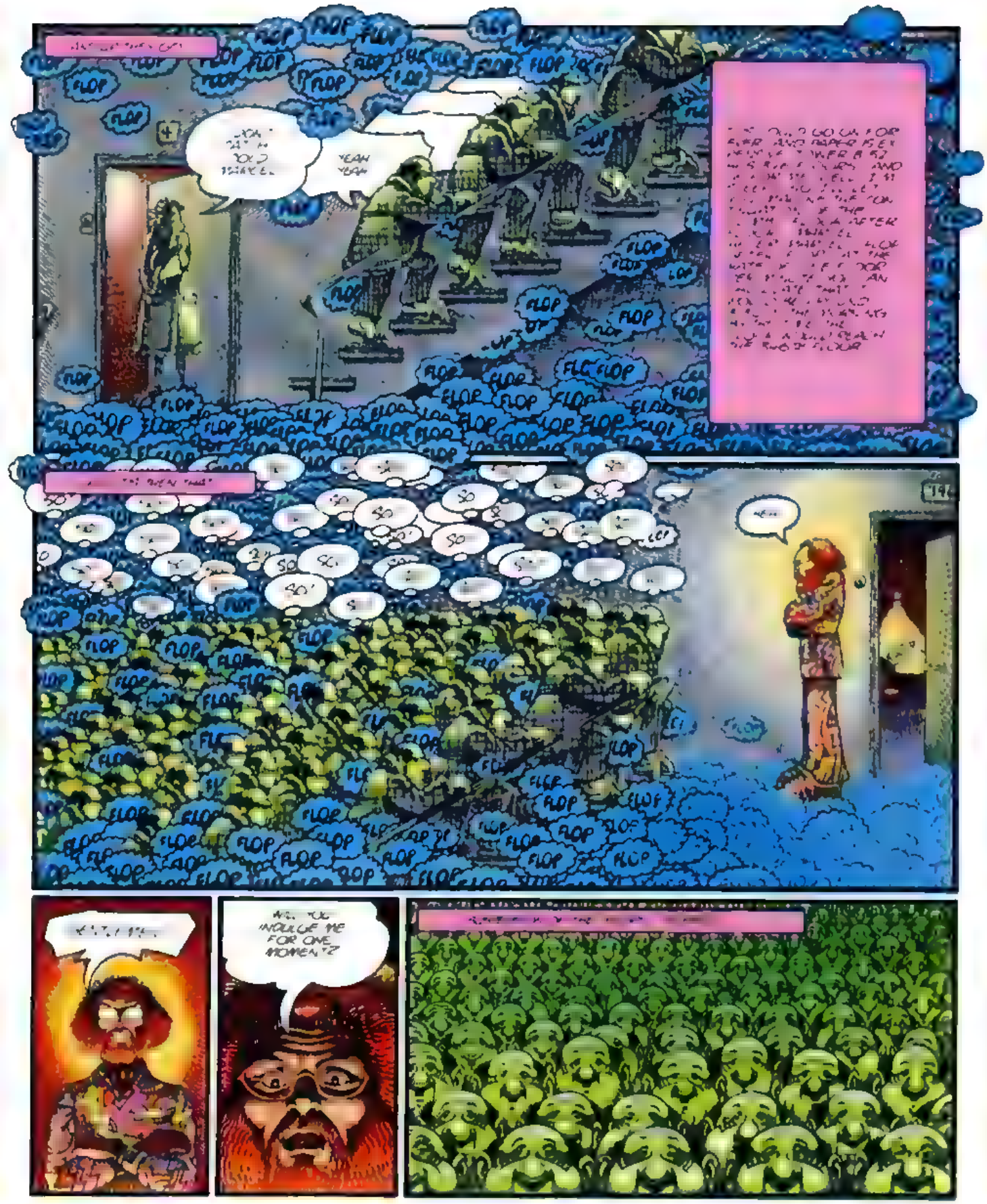
FOR THE LOVE
OF GOD
WAKE ME UP OR KILL ME
THIS EXISTENCE IS HELL

"ON THE BED BEFORE US, LAY AN ALMOST LIQUID MASS OF FOUL, ABOMINABLE PUTREFACTION" HE LAY LIKE THAT FOREVER

the blind flock

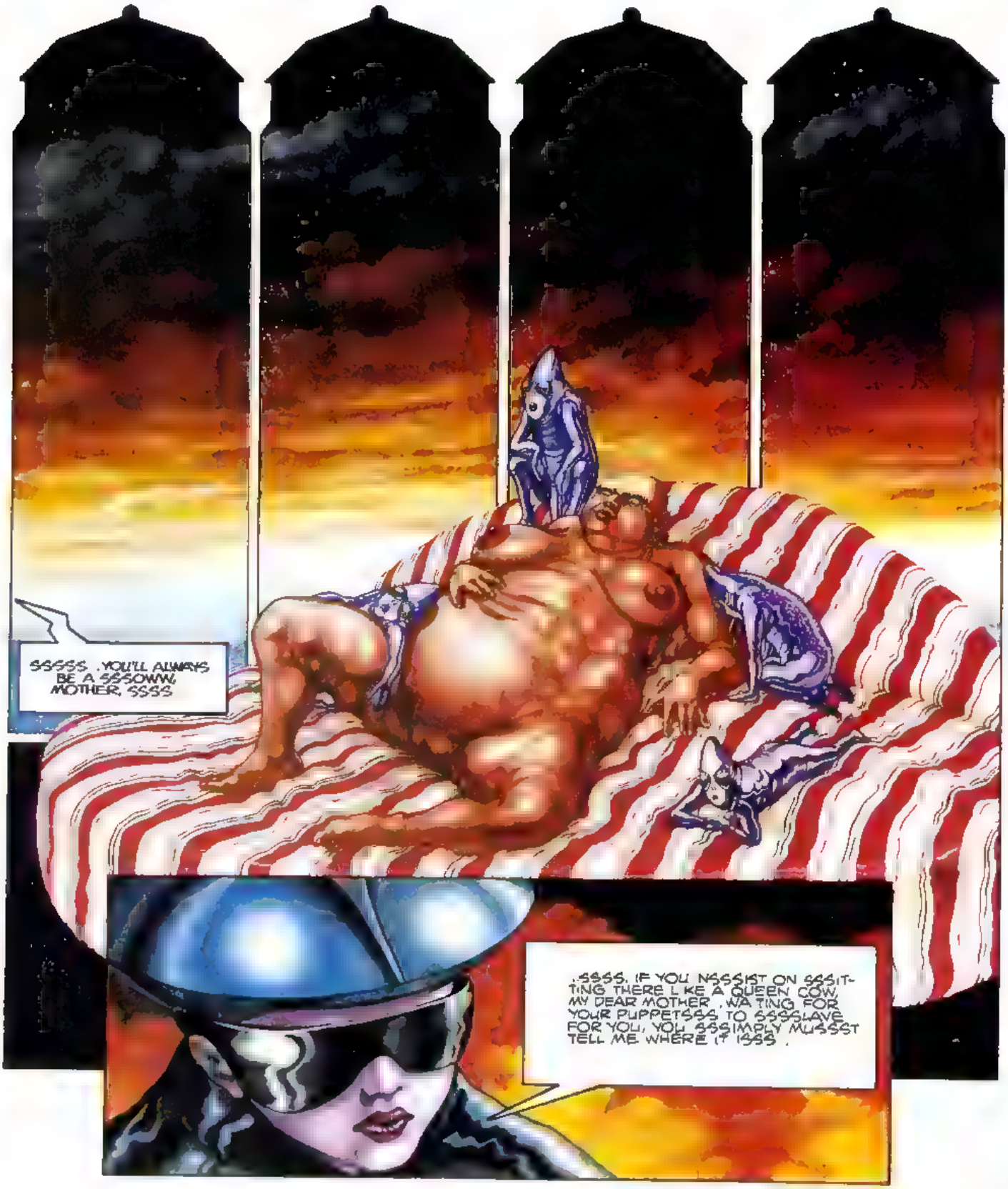

FLOP
FLOP
FLOP


ARRIVING AT THE NEXT FLOOR UP.
SO
SO
SO
SAY ARE THESE FLOP FLOPS COMING FROM YOUR PLACE?
NO IT'S COMING FROM UPSTAIRS
I WAS JUST GOING UP THERE
LET'S GO UP TOGETHER THEN!
OKAY!
AND OFF THEY GO
DON'T CATCH COLD, MARCEL!
YEAH YEAH
ARRIVING AT THE NEXT FLOOR UP.
SO
SO
SO
SO
SAY THERE! ARE THESE "FLOP FLOPS" COMING FROM YOUR PLACE?
NO IT'S COMING FROM UPSTAIRS!
LET'S GO UPSTAIRS TOGETHER THEN
FLOP

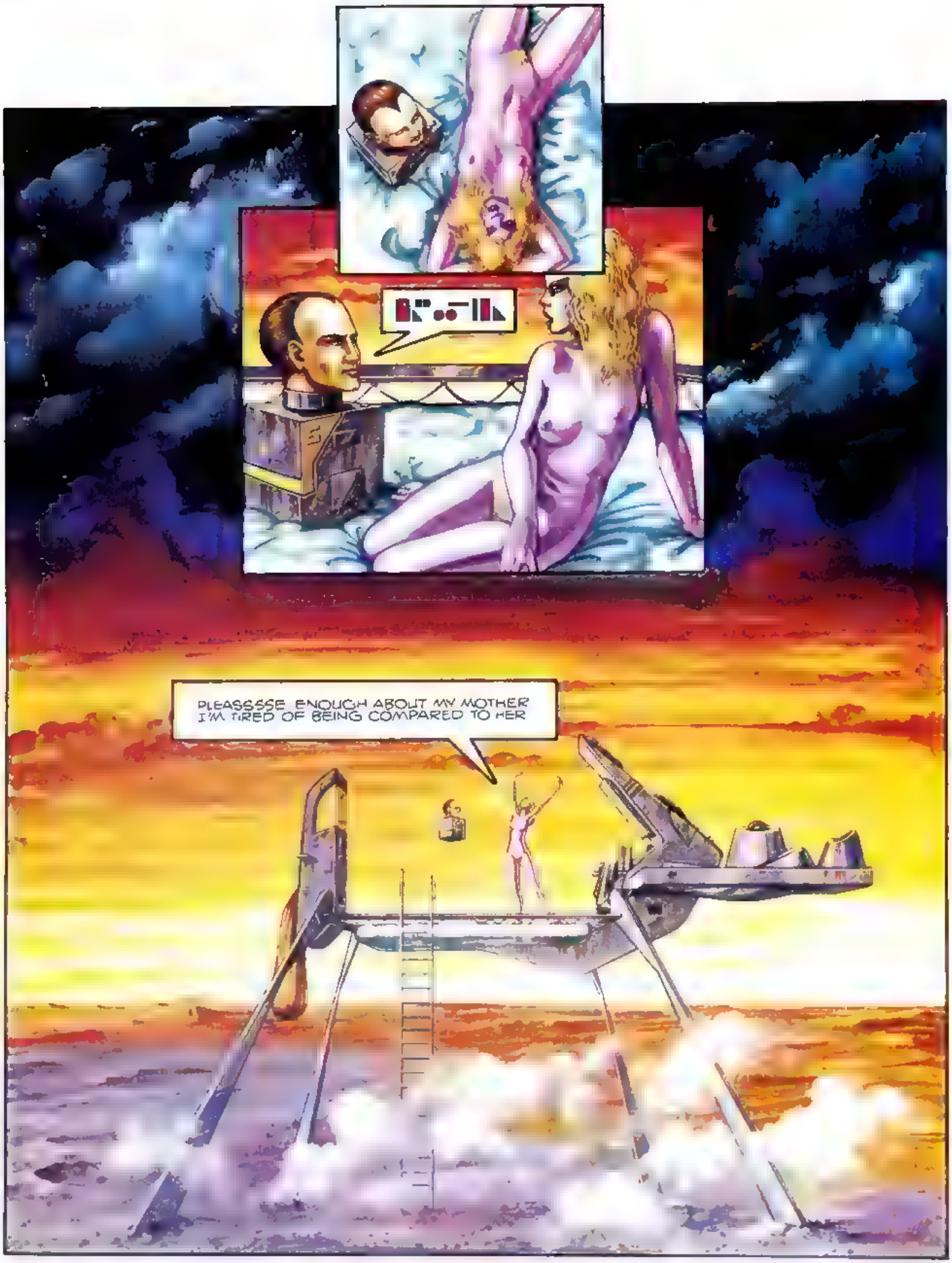

FLOP
YEAH YEAH
$0
$0
$0

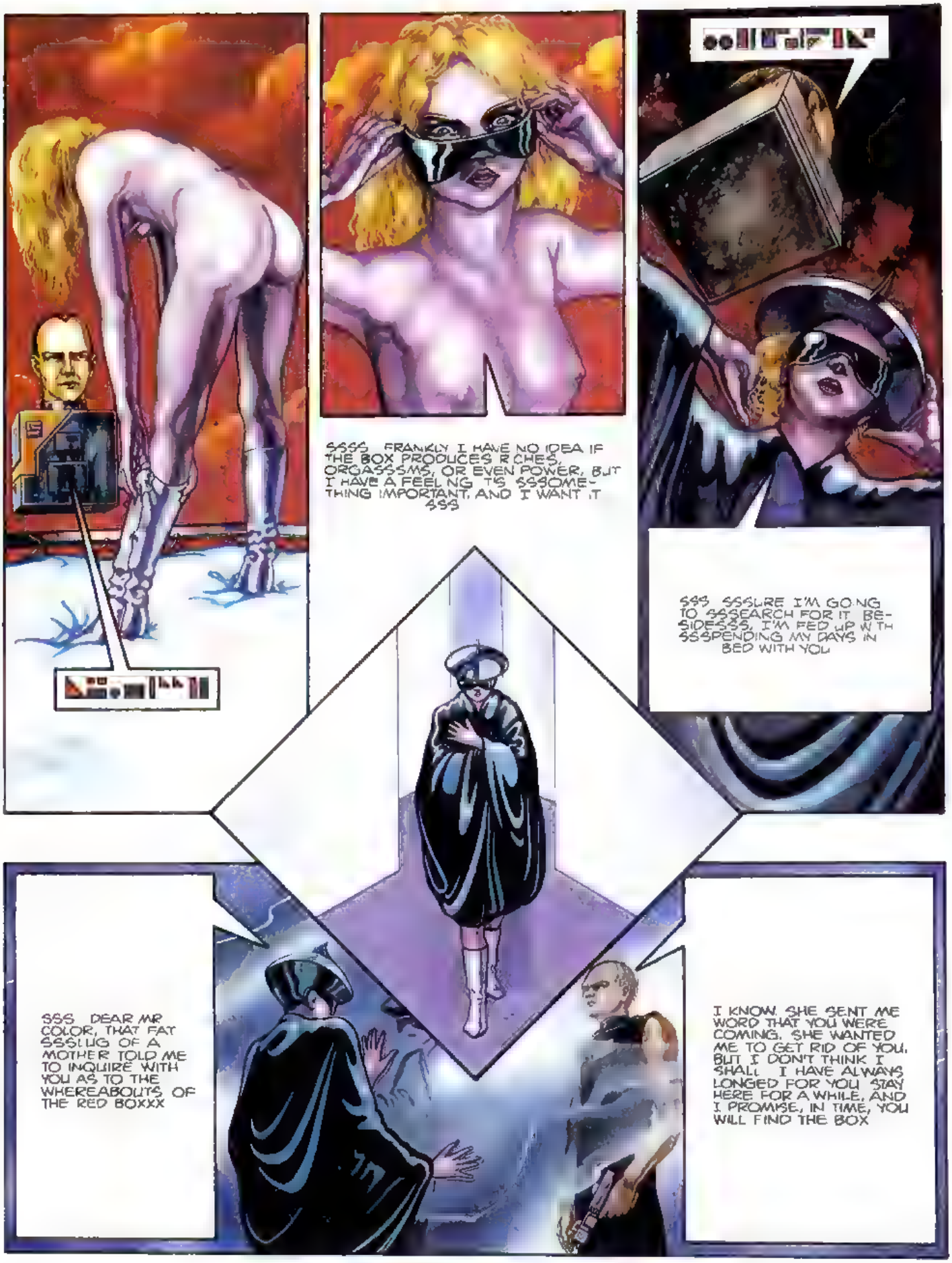
SLIPPERS
IF ONE PUTS THEM ON LIKE THIS
THEY MAKE A FLOP NOISE
FLOP
WHEN ONE WALKS!
SO
ONE MUST SLIP THEM ON
LIKE THIS!
AND NO FLOP!"
IS THIS UNDERSTOOD?
YES!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HUH?
HE'S RIGHT!
GREAT!
SURE
I COULDN'T HEAR HIM!
GOOD, OKAY!
YEAH!
YEAH!
BUT OF COURSE
WHO KNOWS!
AND YOU?
I MUST SAY
WHAT DID HE SAY?
WHAT DID HE HOLD UP?
GOOD SHOW!
WELL GOOD NIGHT!
LET'S HOPE THAT TOMORROW NIGHT THEY PUT THEM ON CORRECTLY! I'M SO TIRED, THEY ALL LOOKED THE SAME TO ME!
ORZA 76

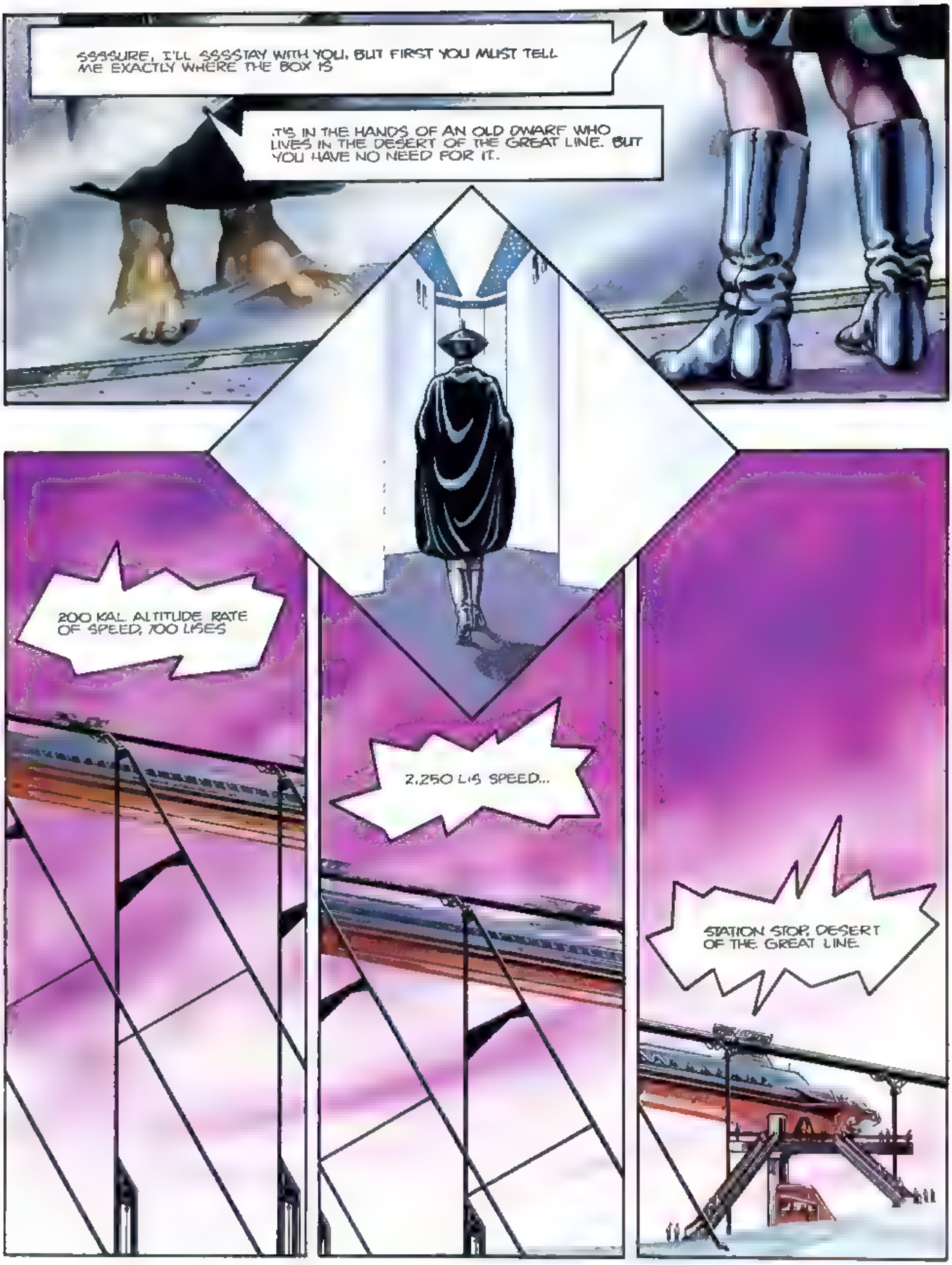
COLOR LINE


SSSSS. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A SSSOWN, MOTHER. SSSS
.SSSS. IF YOU NSSSIST ON SSSITTING THERE LIKE A QUEEN COW, MY DEAR MOTHER, WAITING FOR YOUR PUPPETSSS TO SSSSLAVE FOR YOU, YOU SSSIMPLY MUSSST TELL ME WHERE IT ISSS.

MY CHILD, YOU MUST HAVE REALIZED BY NOW THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME. YOU'RE ONLY FIFTEEN . I DO THINK YOU FORGET THAT SOMETIMES. WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WOULD BE OF NO USE TO YOU.
SSSS.. I'M GOING TO PUNCTURE YOUR FAT BALLOON, MOTHER.. THEN WHEN YOU TALK WHY, YOU'LL SSSPOUT!
NOW, IS THAT A WAY TO TALK TO YOUR LOVING MOTHER? I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW HINTS MAYBE IF ANY OF MY INGENUITY HAS RUBBED OFF ON YOU, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND THE
...RED BOX. IF YOU GO TO CORRIDOR CITY, YOU'LL FIND A NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL BY THE NAME OF COLOR. HE'S AN EXTERMINATOR OF SORTS. HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE


PLEASSSSE ENOUGH ABOUT MY MOTHER I'M TIRED OF BEING COMPARED TO HER


SSSS FRANKLY I HAVE NO IDEA IF THE BOX PRODUCES RICHES, ORGASSSMS, OR EVEN POWER, BUT I HAVE A FEELING TIS SSSOMETHING IMPORTANT, AND I WANT IT SSS
SSS SSSURE I'M GOING TO SSSEARCH FOR IT. BESIDESSSS, I'M FED UP WITH SSSPENDING MY DAYS IN BED WITH YOU
SSS DEAR MR COLOR, THAT FAT SSSLUG OF A MOTHER TOLD ME TO INQUIRE WITH YOU AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE RED BOXXX
I KNOW. SHE SENT ME WORD THAT YOU WERE COMING. SHE WANTED ME TO GET RID OF YOU. BUT I DON'T THINK I SHALL. I HAVE ALWAYS LONGED FOR YOU. STAY HERE FOR A WHILE, AND I PROMISE, IN TIME, YOU WILL FIND THE BOX


SSSSURE, I'LL SSSSTAY WITH YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE THE BOX IS
.TIS IN THE HANDS OF AN OLD DWARF WHO LIVES IN THE DESERT OF THE GREAT LINE. BUT YOU HAVE NO NEED FOR IT.
200 KAL. ALTITUDE RATE OF SPEED, 700 LISES
2,250 LIS SPEED...
STATION STOP, DESERT OF THE GREAT LINE.

I WANT THE RED BOXXX
NO I AM SORRY BUT I CAN'T GIVE IT UP
SSSS WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I WANT IT NOW! SSSS WHY DID YOU SSSTEAL IT FROM MY MOTHER?
I MUST KEEP IT IT IS MY REASON FOR LIVING MY ONLY HOLD ON REALITY!

BUT THAT GGGS MY PICTURE
YES, I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR LIFE SINCE YOU WERE AN INFANT THERE IS NO GREAT POWER CONCEALED IN THAT BOX BUT IT HAS ENABLED ME TO LIVE YOUR LIFE WITH YOU EVEN IF IT HAS BEEN TELEELECTRONICALLY INDEED, THE POWER YOU SPEAK OF IS ONLY A SENTIMENTAL ONE A LIFELINE, BUT FOR ME, NOT ANYONE ELSE
I AM YOUR FATHER
NO IT WAS HER TOLD ME I WAS NOT CONCEIVED I WAS JUST JUGGST HERE
YGGS MINE NOW ALL MINE
FIN
LUIS ROYO

EDDIE'S IN THE BURNOUT BELT

PICTURES TRELLING | WORDS MARTINEZ

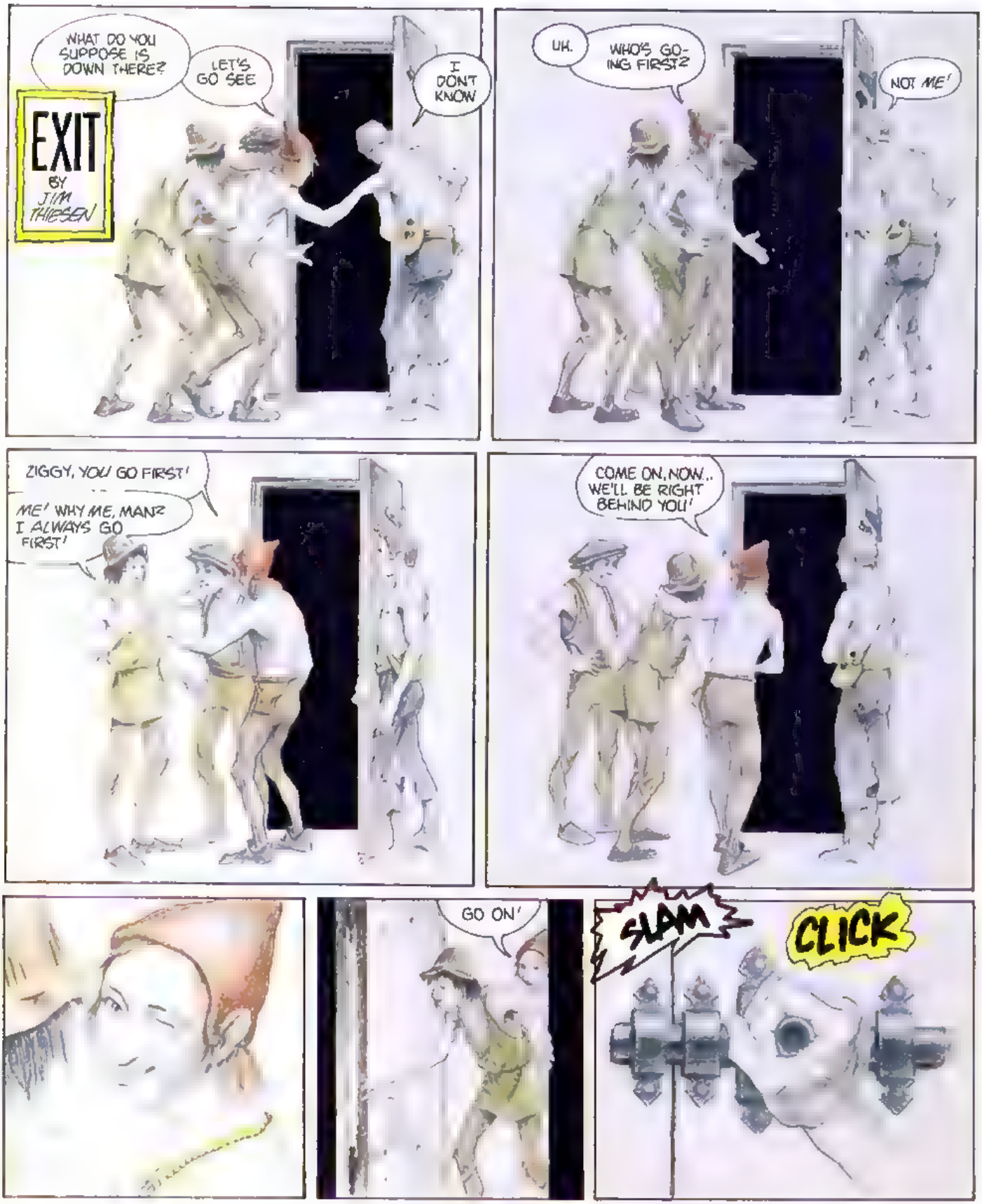
EDDIE DRISCOLL, YOUNG AND BLAMELESS
DAMN FOREIGN JUNK! WHERE DO YOU GET PARTS FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!?
AH! MUTATION! AND ALL WENT NAMELESS

TOSS AND FLOUNDER IN THE WAKE
CLASSIFIED:
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU? PAMPHLET XPLAINS ALL! $10. INFOCO BOX M
WHERE CAN I GET TEN BUCKS?
CONFUSION DOES A SUCKER MAKE
MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW MELLOW
HIS FRIENDS WERE CHANGED, THEY SLIPPED AWAY,
HEY! CUT THE CRAP, HAH?
GOTTA DITCH THESE JERKS
HOMINA HOMINA HOMINA HOMINA HOMINA HOMINA
WERE BIGGER IDIOTS EVERY DAY

THROUGH HIS NIGHT SHIFT BEWILDERMENTS ROAM
?
CLEAN UP THAT MESS... THEN COME ON, MR. TALLYMAN, TALLY ME BANANA!
DAYLIGHT COME AND HE WANT GO HOME
SWEET JESS, FORGETTING ALL THE RULES
BUT, BABY! MY LOVE CAN DO YOU NO HARM!
I'M SORRY, EDDIE
THIS CHICK IS A FINISH!
NOW F.NOS HER HEAT IN THE CLUTCH OF FOOLS

THE RIVER RUNS AN UNKNOWN COURSE
WHEN THE FOUNTAIN FAILS, YOU TRY THE SOURCE
HEY, MA! PA! YOU IN THERE!?
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE? GIMME A BREAK!
WOOF.
I HAD PLANS! THEN EVERYTHING GOES NUTS! POP?!
BUT THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER.
FATHER'S WORLD IN A JUNKMAN'S CART
UHNN...!
MONTHS AGO IT STOPPED HIS HEART

AND FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, MOMMY'S ALWAYS BEEN READY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?
REPEAT! STAY AT HOME HAVE A DRINK WANDERING GUN
FOOFY!
BUT NOW SHE JUST WORRIES ABOUT HER EDDIE
END


EXIT
BY JIM THIESEN
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS DOWN THERE?
LET'S GO SEE
I DON'T KNOW
UH.
WHO'S GOING FIRST?
NOT ME!
ZIGGY, YOU GO FIRST!
ME! WHY ME, MAN? I ALWAYS GO FIRST!
COME ON, NOW.. WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
GO ON!
SLAM
CLICK

HA HA
SNICKER
HA
HA HA
HEY, YOU GUYS CUT IT OUT! COME ON!
OPEN UP! LET ME OUT!
COME ON OPEN THE DOOR!
THE HELL WITH THEM GUYS I'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT OF HERE
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF JUST A- OH!
AAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!
OUCH! DAMN!
BAM
HMMM WHAT'S THIS?
EXIT

BANG! BANG! BANG!
SOUNDS LIKE HE'S BACK!
YEAH BETTER LET HIM OUT
MAN, YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SEEN!
END

...THE HAND THAT FEEDS...

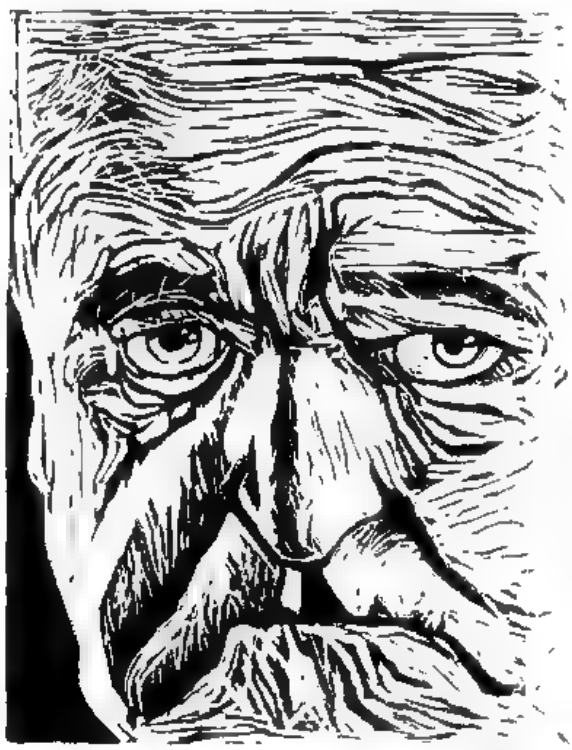
EVIL-EYED CAT SAT CROUCHING, STILL,
SAT SLOUCHING, LURKING, WAITING 'TIL
OLD TIRED MASTER SHOULD COME HOME,
OLD TIRED STEP UPON THE STAIR.

AND SITTING SO, BORED, NASTY, WAITING,
BITTER MINUTES DRAGGING, HATING,
CAME TO KITTY SUCH A THOUGHT,
AS BROUGHT A SMILE HIS WICKED MOUTH

AN EVIL THOUGHT, MALICIOUS PONDER,
ENTERTAINED AND DWELT UPON, THE
MINUTES TICKING, TOCKING BY,
AND KITTY MEANER EVERY MINUTE.

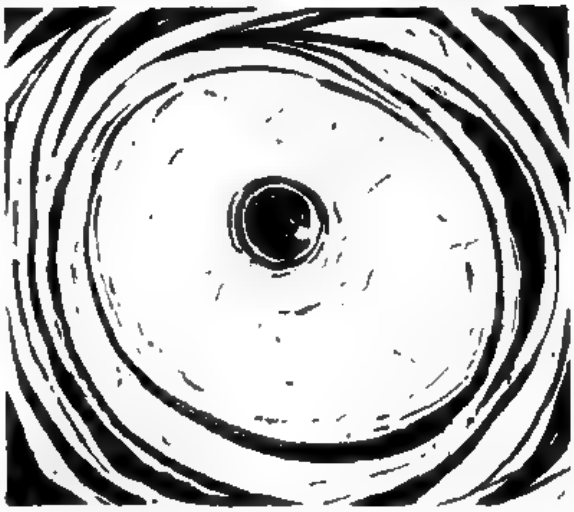
SITTING SO, HALF HYPNOTIZED,
HALF CRAZY FIX IN DEMON EYES,
WHEN WHO SHOULD HAPPEN HOME FROM JOBBING,
WEARY, DIRTY, TIRED, HUNGRY?

WHO SHOULD ENTER, EYELIDS DROOPING,
HEAVY FOOTED, SHOULDERS STOOPING,
HALF ASLEEP, AND SCARCELY NOTING
KITTY CROUCHING IN THE HALL?



SOMBER MASTER, UNAWARE,
HIS EVIL-EYED CAT'S VICIOUS STARE,
AND NEVER SAW THE WICKED EYE,
TRANSFIXED AND AIMING MEAN UPON HIM,

NEVER SAW ONE FIRE EYE,
IGNITE, AT ONCE INTENSIFY,
TO BRIGHTEN SUDDEN, BRILLIANT WHITE,
TO BLAZE UPON HIM UNRESTRAINED,



WITH ALL THE FORCE OF YEARS OF HATING,
ENDLESS HOURS PASSED AWAITING,
TIRED MASTER'S TIRED STEP,
BEFORE HIS SUPPER COULD BE HAD.

AND SORRY MASTER, HOME FROM WORKING,
COULD NOT GUESS THE DANGER LURKING,
NEVER STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST
THE FORCE OF KITTY'S EVIL GLARE.

HE STIFFENED SUDDEN, GAVE A START,
AN ICY PAW CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART,
AND SAW NOR FELT HE NOTHING MORE,
BUT DROPPED STONE DEAD UPON THE FLOOR.

AND NOW SITS KITTY, SATISFIED,
SMUG, GLOATING, SMIRKING, FULL OF PRIDE,
TO SEE OLD MASTER SO UNDONE,
HIS FADING CORPSE STREWN ON THE FLOOR,

BUT TIME WILL FIND OUR KITTY SCOWLING,
WHISKERS TWITCHING, STOMACH GROWLING,
HUNGRY FOR A BIT OF SUPPER,
LOCKED BEHIND THE CUPBOARD DOOR,
AND MASTER WITH THE ONLY KEY.

END

WORDS: ANTHONY STONIER
PRINTS: PETER KUPER
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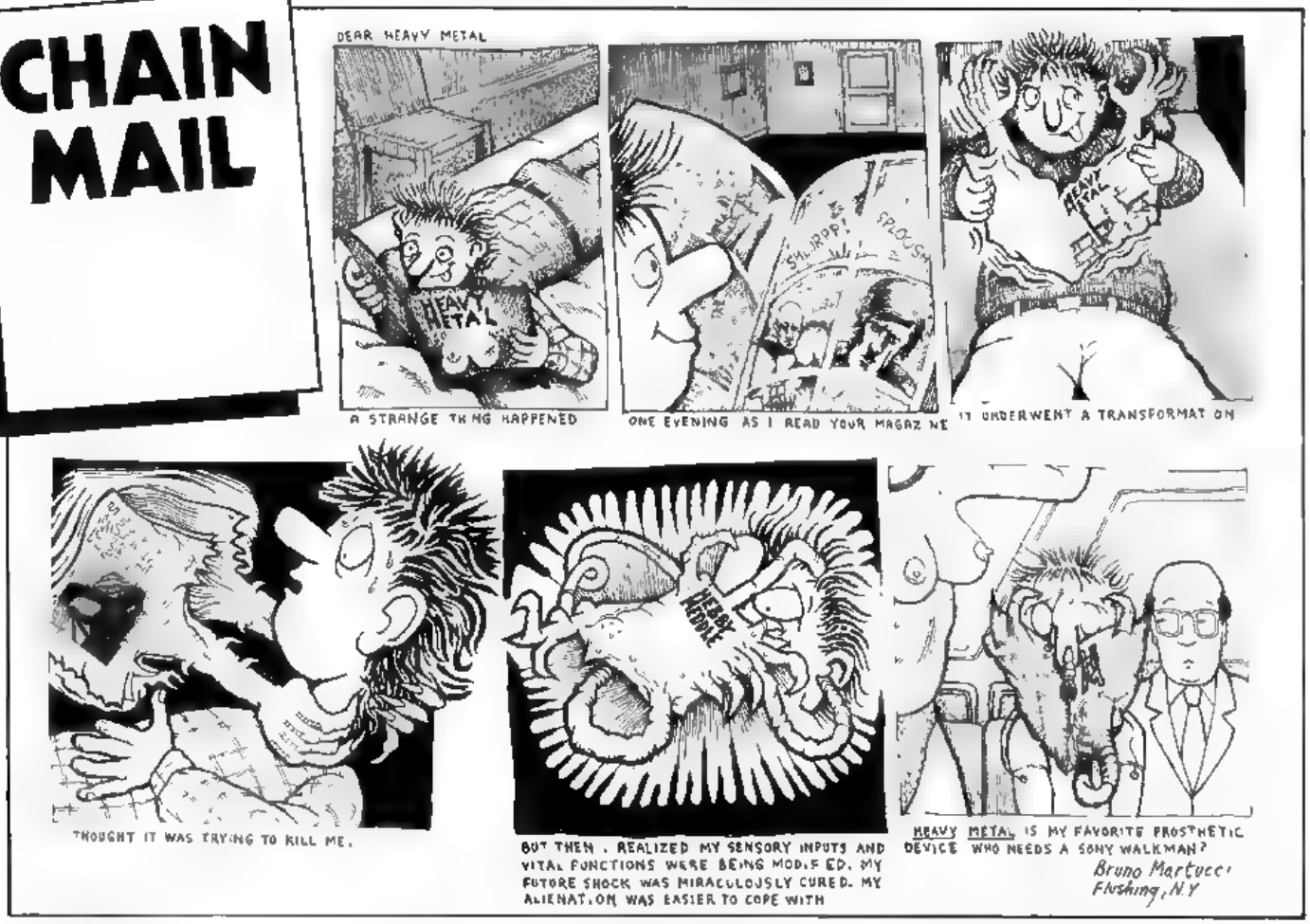
CHAIN MAIL


DEAR HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL
A STRANGE THING HAPPENED
SPLORSH
ONE EVENING AS I READ YOUR MAGAZINE
IT UNDERWENT A TRANSFORMATION
THOUGHT IT WAS TRYING TO KILL ME.
BUT THEN, I REALIZED MY SENSORY INPUTS AND VITAL FUNCTIONS WERE BEING MODIFIED. MY FUTURE SHOCK WAS MIRACULOUSLY CURED. MY ALIENATION WAS EASIER TO COPE WITH
HEAVY METAL IS MY FAVORITE PROSTHETIC DEVICE WHO NEEDS A SONY WALKMAN?
Bruno Martucci
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Julie

I've just finished reading the letters in the July *HM* and I am so disgusted with all this whining from readers about a supposed "lack" of plot and great art that I had to write. I, too, like stories that have a plot and are well drawn but, unfortunately, great plots and art are easy to come by. *Too* easy. Just go to any bookstore or comic rack and see for yourself. I'm attracted to *HM* because it gives you one thing the others don't: *enlightenment*! Any comic book can give you a nice story, and if that's all these people want let them read those kiddy heroes in long underwear saving New York for the umpteenth time. This type of mindless, mass-produced shit I'm tired of. Give me Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. any day. *(Hear hear —ls)*

I was introduced to speculative fiction, European comics, and Newwave/Techno-pop through this magazine. It gives me visual as well as visionary entertainment. This is why I love it and why I'll keep supporting it. Don't get discouraged, there are thousands more just like me out there. We'll keep this outfit going no matter what these fucking Heavy Marvel babies cry to you about. *Vive la difference!*

Glenn Dressler
Kankakee, Ill.

Dear Editors

I am getting sick and tired of people bitching about certain strips, such as "The Mercenary," saying that the quality of the magazine has *de*proved over the years. First, being a relative newcomer to *HM*, this began giving me a complex because I kept wondering what I had missed. Next, I have been able to obtain quite a few of the older issues, and from what I saw, while some of the stories were better than the newer ones, for the most part they were only confusing. I found it extremely difficult to discern any plot or meaning in many of them.

Second, the artwork. While some of it could be better, the vast majority is nothing less than awesome. This is especially true of Druillet's work. All together *HM* is the best magazine I've come across in many years. The overall quality of the artwork is excellent, and the plots of the stories can make a person stop and think—something that has been seriously lacking in other illustrated magazines. Basically, what I'm saying is, be brave, stay original, and keep up the good work.

Oliver Seay
Hendersonville, N.C.

Thanks for the encouraging words. I recently did much the same as you did—sat down with my back issues of HM *to see if we had indeed deteriorated, and came to the same conclusion. No way. I firmly believe that the last four issues of this magazine are the best ever. I think people whining about the good old days are confusing the freshness of* HM*'s arrival on the scene with the quality of the issues. Now that the novelty has worn off, they think the quality has come down. I disagree. —ls*

Dear Editor

Oh! How quickly we forget. Don't you fry brains remember what developed the last time you tried to sneak verbalistic nonsensical, overdone "literary" bullshit into the otherwise charming pages of *HM*? I'll tell you—you were deluged with letters from your concerned readership. We expressed our dislike for the extracurricular, semi-intellectual, unrelated and opinionated, narrow minded essay crap.

Lionel de Bernard, Jr.
Dover, Del.

Time to trash another myth. No, we weren't "deluged" with mail the last time we injected text into HM*; we just printed some of the letters in the letter column. It was our then editor's policy (as it is mine) to run a lively letter page, full of as much criticism as praise, full of as many assholes as humans (unlike most other magazines who use letters for cheap ego wank). Our mail was and is about equally divided. End of discussion. —ls*

Heavy Mentals

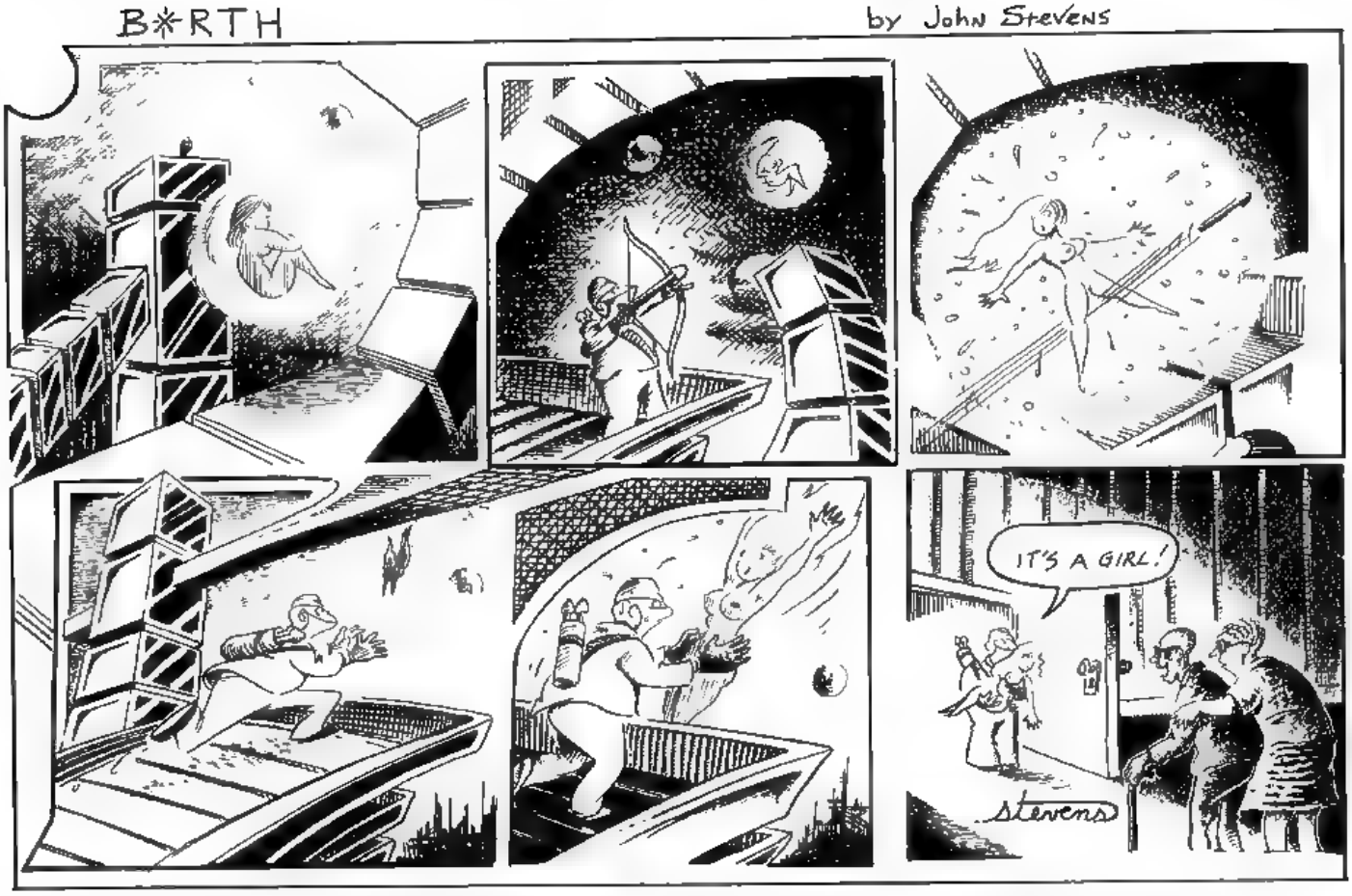
I'm just dying to see Vaughn Bode and Wally Wood collaborate on a story for your magazine.

I remain,
Sid Vicious

That's not funny, that's sick. —Vic Morrow

Dear *HM*:

As a subscriber I was pleased when you introduced regular columns in January '80, displeased when they were terminated one year later, and re-pleased when they snuck back into my favorite magazine. I feel the



Dossier section should be expanded (though not at the expense of pages belonging to the artwork) No other publication I know of covers the mix of new and not-so-new communication technologies in a manner which points to the increasing interconnectedness of same. Strip or "comic" art is one way to give form to the power of human imagination, but certainly not the only way A segment of the *HM* readership forgets this point and adopts a purist attitude, demanding the exclusion of ideas not rendered in the expected panel-art form. So for my money, *HM*, stay on top of Ralph Records, J G. Ballard, Donkey Kong, *Possible Musics*, Colette, the Destroyer, *Road Warrior*, the Urban Verbs and, of course, Eno Give me more 'cuz I can't get eno-ugh. Publish a whole new magazine, if necessary I'll buy it Take chances Somebody has to.

John McNaughton
Chicago, Ill.

Dear *HM* Geniuses and Idiots Alike:

I realize that not everyone can expect to be pleased by what they read in a magazine (especially one as diversified as *HM*), but I have come to expect a certain level of entertainment from the pages of this particular magazine. I'm writing to say that, while I have been reading *HM* for some time, it has not been till now that I have felt compelled to write and comment David Black, author of "The Third Sexual Revolution," has many thoughtfu.. points to make in his essays (May and July) I will be the first to say that he does so brilliantly and persuasively My complaint is that while Mr. Black appears to know all about the legends surrounding the sexuality of women (and he isn't afraid to use them to his advantage, whether true or not, when it comes time to make an interesting point), Mr Black seems to me either unknowing or uncaring about the true values represented in the sexual appetites of women

My suggestion is that Mr Black develop some of the character he writes so earnestly about, and get on with the job at hand; and that is, according to the title of his article, material on the sexual revolution and real causes for it, and not a lot of historical drivel which might impress but doesn't educate or inform. I would be happy to help Mr Black's perception of women, but it seems that he really isn't interested. If he should wonder about the criticism, tell him to chalk it up to a wide and varied audience that he receives when writing for an upper-class magazine like *HM (Eh? Is)*

Lana L. Johnson
Melbourne, Fla

If what you're saying is "David Black is a man and therefore can't shouldn't write about female sexuality," then I think you're full of it But I don't know if that's what you're saying because you coyly refuse to tell us "Isn't interested," indeed Does this month's installment of David's piece change your mind at all? Is

Creative Mutants

Following is food for your gaping maw; or a general critique of the July '82 issue The Dossier was interesting, as usual. Stathis fries me. The cretin *(I beg your pardon —Is)* used to expose some music (Residents, Ultravox) and really be an aid to the continually crying wants of my tastes. Now he's playing it safe and just spewing forth columns of dribble "Den" can't be ignored. Chain Mail contained the usual whining malcontents. "I'm Age" means nothing but anything Too bad "Nova 2" is done. "Life at the Circus" kept my attention Hamill did a good job with his taste-whetting intro for R C 's *Flights into Fantasy* "At the Middle of Cymbio a" and "Zora" were and are good. Black's essay is and promises to be thought provoking, for a limited time anyway "The Voyage of Those Forgotten" continues to detain my eyes "Yragael" is pretty pics and words, but very hard to follow "Rock Opera ' is like a dream—you can wake and get back to it with the same pleasure. Don't lose "The Bus " too good

W Dziemiera
Schenectady, N Y

Dear Heavily Metallic

For months I have had the habit of buying a great big bar of chocolate when *HM* arrives and eating about half of it while devouring the mag late at night. Now I find out that chocolate contains phenylethylamine "an amphetaminelike, mood-altering compound found in the brain , the cause of a love-high the giddiness and happiness associated with romance." Oh, *my*! Then what's the *magazine* got in it?

Andrew K Rindsberg
Golden, Colo

Heh heh you wouldn't believe me if I told you Is

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V2NH10

The Third Sexual Revolution
Part Three:
The Secret Tradition: The History of Transcendent Eroticism

by David Black

"Every night, the initiation ceremonies go on," a poet once told me. She is now well-known, but ten years ago when we had this conversation she was not yet famous. And she was obsessed by the fantasy that art was a witches' coven. One was literally chosen, inducted, and given the gift of creation. "They take you to a grove, the Sacred Grove, and there you meet the Muse."

We were at a writers' conference. We were both young. And we were both ambitious. For her, ambition was the struggle for, not money, not fame, but glory. Meeting the Muse would connect her to a glorious tradition, a club that existed outside of time. She talked like someone in *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, someone who wanted to be a pod but had been passed over. Or, more poignantly, like the crippled child who, at the end of *The Pied Piper*, is left behind when all the other children vanish with the piper through the moun-

tain and into some wonderful land. She was desperate to meet her Muse.

"You can tell when she's near," she said. "Your hands get cold, the hair on the back of your neck stands up. . . ."

According to the poet, the presence of the Muse creates a sense of awe, a preternatural hush, a sharp-edged vividness—and she was not unique in this belief. Poets have claimed all sorts of heightened perceptions for their art. Poetry is a meteor. Poetry raises the stubble of your beard. Poetry blows the top of your head off. Poetry begins with homesickness for a home you never had.

It's all true. Most people have had the experience. You read something—and it can be almost anything; poetry, a virulent germ, can infect everything: prose, movies, even an advertisement that unwittingly reveals the fever of its creation—and inadvertently you shiver. Your hair does stand on end.

And this reaction can come not just from reading or looking at art or listening to music or watching a play or a dance program, all inspirations of the Muse; it can also come from encountering that which inspires in a purer or more raw form.

When the poet talked about wanting to meet her Muse, I remembered a moment when I was twelve years old. I was paddling a canoe one summer day and saw across a lake a woman sitting on a mossy bank. Although I have a vivid mental picture of her, I can't say whether she was old or young. All the signs that the poet claimed were heralds of the Muse were there: the unnatural hush, the coldness in my extremities, a breathlessness, heightened senses, and the raising of the hair on the back of my neck.

I have no idea what caused this state—whether it was some stirring of puberty or an encounter with something uncanny. But, as in most situations like this, the question of whether the event had an external or internal, objective or subjective reality is not the most relevant issue. These states, like dreams, are real in their own way and, like dreams, can affect our moods and behavior. Giving the state a name only makes it easier to refer to it, so call it what you will. If the poet wanted to call it the Muse, her description reveals more about herself than it does about the remarkable state she was trying to describe. The state she was trying to describe is the same no matter what it is called.

Years after my encounter with the Nameless, I found a word to describe the experience, one frequently used by C. G. Jung to describe moments of exalted spirituality: numinous. And, after taking various drugs, I've sometimes approximated the sensation, but that summer day in the canoe was an unadulterated dose of what seemed and still in retrospect seems reality, a reality that—like Robert Frost's description of poetry—left me with a feeling of homesickness for a place I've never been.

I've often suspected that this response is atavistic, a throwback to some more primitive state, a message our genes have carried from humankind's early ancestors to today. Because humans are relatively hairless now, the tendency for hair to stand on end probably developed when humans were a lot hairier. It's an animal response. You can still see it when a cat bristles at an enemy, real or imagined. The unknown is threatening. Early humans probably bristled at the unknown the way cats bristle at shadows. And, long after we began calling the unknown God—or the Muse or ghosts or UFOs—we still bristle. Our hair still stands on end. It's our way of showing awe at the Mysteries.

"The reason why the hairs stand on end, the eyes water, the throat is constricted, the skin crawls, and a shiver runs down the spine when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright and lust—the female spider or queen bee whose embrace is death," Robert Graves wrote in *The White Goddess* (Vintage Books, 1958). He also said, "I cannot think of any poet from Homer onwards who has not independently recorded his experience of her."

According to Graves, all poems—true poems—have a single theme. The theme is perhaps the most ancient story: "the birth, life, death, and resurrection of the God of the Waxing Year"—from the first of the year to midsummer. The story centers around the love of this god for the Great Goddess and his conflict with his rival for her love, the God of the Waning Year—from midsummer to the year's end—who is also his brother and shadow self. These "three main characters are so much a part of our racial inheritance," Graves wrote, "that they not only assert themselves in poetry but recur on occasions of emotional stress in the form of dreams, paranoiac visions, and delusions."

The story erupts in family dynamics (the Oedipal struggle of father against son for the mother's love) and contemporary religion (the sacrificial death and resurrection of Christ). This does not necessarily invalidate Christianity or prove the objective reality of the Muse. It does mean that some eternal truths have historically been manifest in different forms.

And the connection between poetry (or all art) and religion suggests that the first poets were shamans, high priestesses, and later priests, of a primitive Great Goddess religion, who were guardians of the Mysteries. Poetry—with its hair-bristling power—is the remnant of those early rituals.

For a long time this explanation satisfied me. Admittedly, it depended to some degree on speculation, imagination, and empathy bridging gaps between facts. But it seemed a reasonable way of describing something that otherwise defied my reason. And it had the virtue of being able to dress up the uncanny in a costume of my own device, a comforting solipsism that manifests itself every Halloween when kids give their fears forms that are less frightening than the formless terrors haunting them the rest of the year. A sheet with cut-out eyeholes tames a ghost by making it familiar. It's only percale, not the Unknown.

When I started the research that led to the first article in this series on eroticism, I assumed I'd be investigating pornography. But I found myself backing into the old questions about art and religion and the uncanny. The Muse.

My first hint that sex was somehow connected to religion was the rapt expressions that fixed the faces of men staring at dirty pictures. That unwavering attention is not needed to get information from an image. They looked like they were waiting for the photographs to reveal at any moment something that was hidden behind the sexual allure. People look like that when they're gazing at a mandala or a cross, when they're meditating or praying.

If they were worshiping, what was the object of their veneration? The answer was as obvious as the pictures. They were worshiping what was between a woman's legs: the source of life.

The purpose of pornography and of all the erotic tools and toys, which had first roused my curiosity, fit with this view of sex as religion. The common denominator linking sex toys and sex clubs, garter belts and X-rated videotapes was extended arousal time. Erotic paraphernalia all seemed designed to lengthen the heightened sensations associated with sex.

Historically, extended arousal time has nearly always been a means of inducing transcendental states of consciousness, states similar enough to those created by art, drugs, or encounters with the numinous to connect porno models to the Muse. Eroticism apparently was a debased form of Great Goddess worship, one more manifestation of that universal theme Graves wrote about. In this case, the three principal characters of the story have become transformed into the reader as God of the Waxing Year, the model as the Goddess, and the sometimes-implied-and-sometimes-shown Other, the man making love to the model, the shadowy other self and double who is the God of the Waning Year.

After identifying pornography as a debased remnant of Great Goddess worship that has enough of the elements of true poetry, of the theme, to compel rapt attention (part one of this series, May '82), I began examining the attributes of the Goddess or Muse, who in nearly every culture and tradition has a triune nature: Mother, Whore, and Warrior (part two of this series, July '82). And this investigation could have ended there—except for the frequent hints I began discovering that this tradition (a tradition of Goddess worship that uses extended arousal time to achieve transcendent states) exists and has existed not only as an unconscious, repressed element throughout history but also as a conscious, secret cult. Or rather as a series of loosely connected cults.

This is not as ominous as it sounds. In the East, Tantric Buddhism, which probably has the same roots as Western transcendental eroticism, has survived as one of many spiritual practices. The

reason why this practice has been passed down from generation to generation in secret in the West is simply that Christianity has repeatedly tried to stamp it out because it believes it to be a threat. It's occult only because it is hidden, not because it is sinister.

Or rather: Not because it is necessarily sinister.

Because of the opposition of the Church, the tradition of sexual transcendence has frequently been linked to beliefs hostile to Christianity—heresies benign and malign, gnostic and Satanic. Evil has attached itself to transcendent sex like dust to a raindrop. And certainly one thread leading back through the history of sexual transcendence is Devil-red. Even in our secular age, much of the iconography of pornography is drawn from Hellish images: from the cute imp's tail that is the trademark of one sex-toy company to *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Half a century ago, Aleister Crowley, nicknamed The Great Beast, was using transcendent sexuality or sex magic along with diabolism to achieve non-ordinary states of consciousness. But this sinister tradition, while often intertwined with the tradition of transcendent sexualty, is separate.

There are in fact many related threads that can be followed in such a study. Like the fine wires that make up telephone cables, they all go from here—the present—to there—the past; and as with telephone wires sometimes, through induction, the information being carried along one wire jumps over into another.

But roughly the line goes from Plato's Retreat (as the most famous example of the third post-World War II sexual revolution) back through a system of sex without orgasm called Karezza (developed by a Chicago doctor named Alice Stockham around the turn of the century), through Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder of the eighteenth-century British orgiastic society called the Hellfire Club (who like Aleister Crowley confused evil with eroticism), through some seventeenth-century followers of the mystic Jacob Boehme, through some sixteenth-century followers of the alchemist Paracelsus, back to fifteenth-century Neoplatonists like Marsilio Ficino who wrote that the passions of Heaven can be guessed at by experiencing the passions of earth and that the problem with sensual pleasures is not that they are pleasurable but that they don't last. The Renaissance Neoplatonists believed that God could be approached only through love, and they resurrected elements from classical pagan mysteries to feed their philosophy. Botticelli's and Michelangelo's works are elaborate codes, revealing and hiding these mysteries at the same time. And Petrarch's sonnets to Laura de Sade (an ancestor of the infamous Marquis), the first modern love poems in the West, are songs of worship. Laura being the manifestation of Woman, and finally of Divine Woman, the Great Goddess.

To love the Great Goddess meant to die—to die and be reborn into eternal life, a formula that fit pagan and Christian theology equally well. The Orphic mysteries that were resurrected during the Renaissance, particularly in the circle around the Medicis, had as their climax a *hieros gamos* or, as Edgar Wind describes it in *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (Faber and Faber, 1958), "an ecstatic union with the god which was experienced by the neophyte as an initiation into death." And in Christianity, a believer could, like Paul, wish to die and be dissolved into Christ. "This kind of death was named the kiss," Wind said. The kiss that Graves's spider-Muse gives, the fatal embrace of Graves's queen bee.

From the Renaissance the trail leads to the twelfth century, to the troubadours, the source of all European poetry, who sang of perpetually unsatisfied love and who may have been bards of the Catharist Church. The troubadours practiced *L'Assag*, the trial, a form of woman worship in which a man would contemplate the beauty of his beloved—sometimes when she was naked, sometimes when they both were naked. But they would not make love.

It's easy to see how modern pornography—in which a man gazes on the image of a naked woman who is for him physically unattainable—is a debased form of courtly love. Courtly love refined the spirits of those who practiced it. Resisting the lures of the flesh enabled men to free their souls from the confines of matter and escape into the world of pure light, which in earthly terms is death but in spiritual terms is eternal life. The greater the arousal, the greater the temptation. The greater the temptation, the greater the resistance. The greater the resistance, the greater the spiritual transformation. The souls of the believers, freed of the prison of their bodies, returned to God. The Cathars too had a kiss: the kiss of peace. And, although women were the bait Satan used to snare souls, the Cathars believed—according to Denis de Rougement in *Love in the Western World* (Anchor, 1957)—in "a feminine principle, held to have pre-existed material creation . . . To the woman who was instrumental in the perdition of souls there corresponded Maria, symbol of the pure saving light . . ." The Great Goddess as whore and mother. Women represented both temptation (and potential damnation) and salvation (if temptation was resisted).

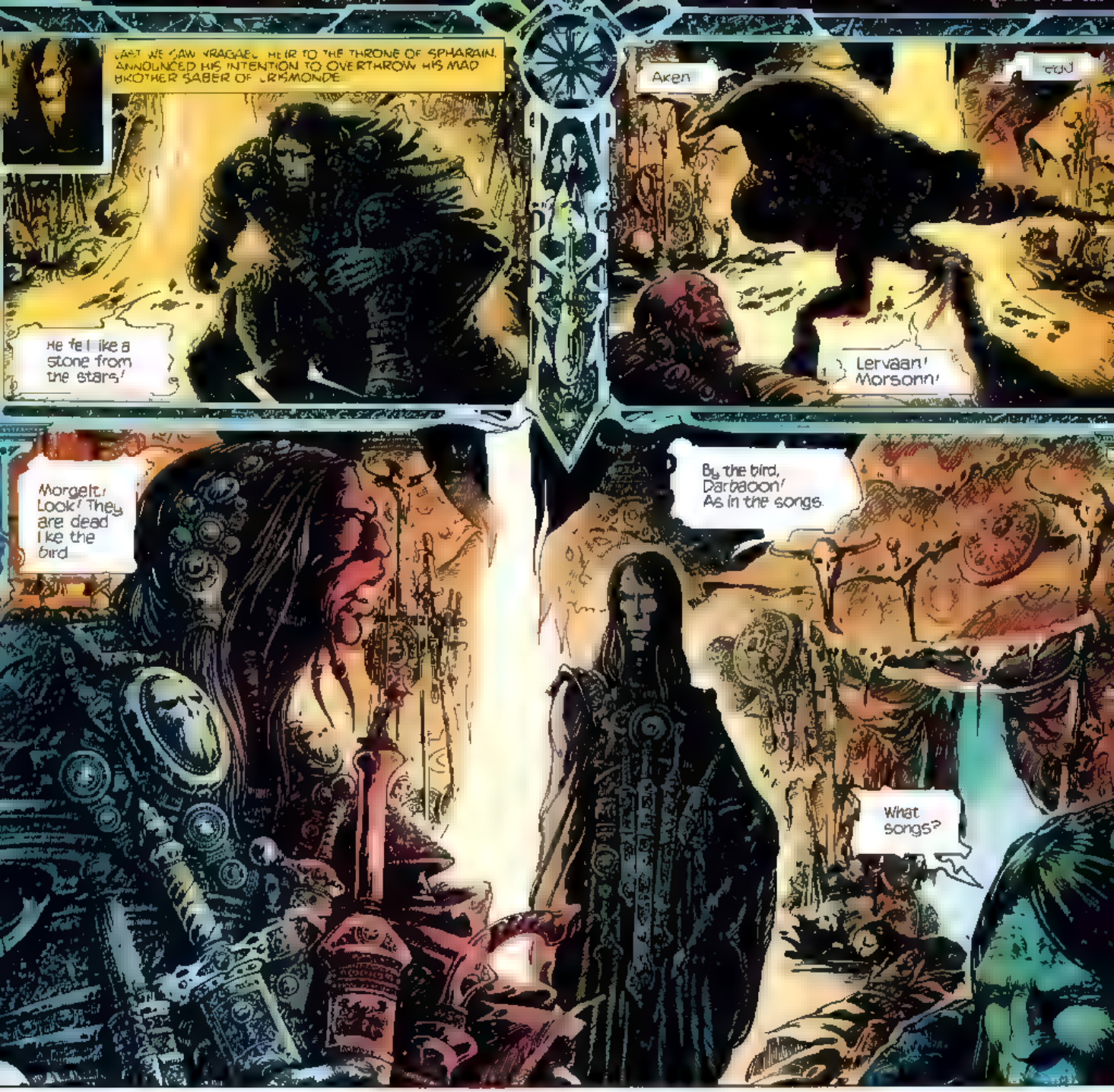
De Rougemont connects the troubadours and the Cathars and traces the Catharist heresy to three roots: Neoplatonism, Manichaeism, and Celtic (druidical) beliefs. Graves traces the Celtic strand back to an invading tribe of Great Goddess worshipers from Greece, the Danaans—who civilized not only the Celts but, through other migrations, the Hebrews. Their wanderings from Greece started in the middle of the second millenium B.C. And they were most likely originally a Bronze Age culture that came to Greece from Libya.

Manichaeism, founded by Mani in the third century A.D., was rooted in Christianity, Gnosticism, and Zoroastrianism. Christianity leads back through Judaism to Ashtoreth, the Great Goddess who presided over the Hebrews from about 1150 to 586 B.C. and who may have preceded Jehovah and had been displaced by Him. In Zoroastrianism (founded by Zoroaster, who lived around 628 to 551 B.C.), two forces, Light and Dark, fight for power in creation. The spirit of light that ultimately triumphs, Ahura Mazdah or Ormazd, was a threefold god that married and displaced the threefold Great Goddess. And Gnosticism leads back to, among other sources, the Hellenic Mystery Cults, that find their roots in worship of Danae, the Great Goddess of the Danaans (who civilized the Greeks, Hebrews, and Celts). The web is woven in a complex pattern, but all strands lead back to the spider-Goddess in the center, Graves's Muse "whose embrace is death."

The Great Goddess is the principle of life: the eternal female who bore children—apparently miraculously in the days before humans understood the relationship between sex and procreation. Her embrace is death because she is also Mother Earth who takes back the dead—which then decompose to produce new life: the cycle of death and rebirth that the eternal theme plays out over and over again. Fragments of her worship and of the sacrificial rituals used magically to keep the cycle of death and rebirth spinning have filtered down to the present in debased forms, many pathological: bestiality, sadism and masochism, snuff sex. These vicious urges, like gears on a machine, which no longer connect to anything, whirl madly, uselessly. Other impulses, from the poet's encounter with his or her Muse to the orgiast's attempt to use eroticism to break through some psychic membrane, to pass out of this material world into a world of sensation so pure it is only spirit, are also debased forms of Great Goddess worship—but these impulses are not vicious. They are simply racial memories, promises that can never be more than half kept. Those who consciously try to keep the tradition of transcendent sexuality alive—modern Tantrists and their Western equivalents—are doomed to do so out of context, which distorts their intent.

But the secret tradition of sexual transcendence has been suppressed many times in the past and subsequently has erupted in an orthodox form. Courtly love became manners. Great Goddess worship became the cult of the Virgin Mary. The tradition now is apparently seeking new expression. The third post-World War II sexual revolution, described in the first part of this series, is one of the most common manifestations.

Although it is secular, it offers some of the consolations of the transcendent. Depending on point of view, this revolution may be good or bad—but, good or bad, if it is viewed merely as a sexual and not a religious phenomenon, it will be misperceived. It is not entirely coincidence that the double booths in peep shows that have glass walls separating the women (who wait on duty) and the men (who slip in and out) look like confessionals. Or that Larry Levinson, presumably innocent of the roots of modern sexual transcendence that go back to Neoplatonism, called his swingers' club Plato's Retreat.

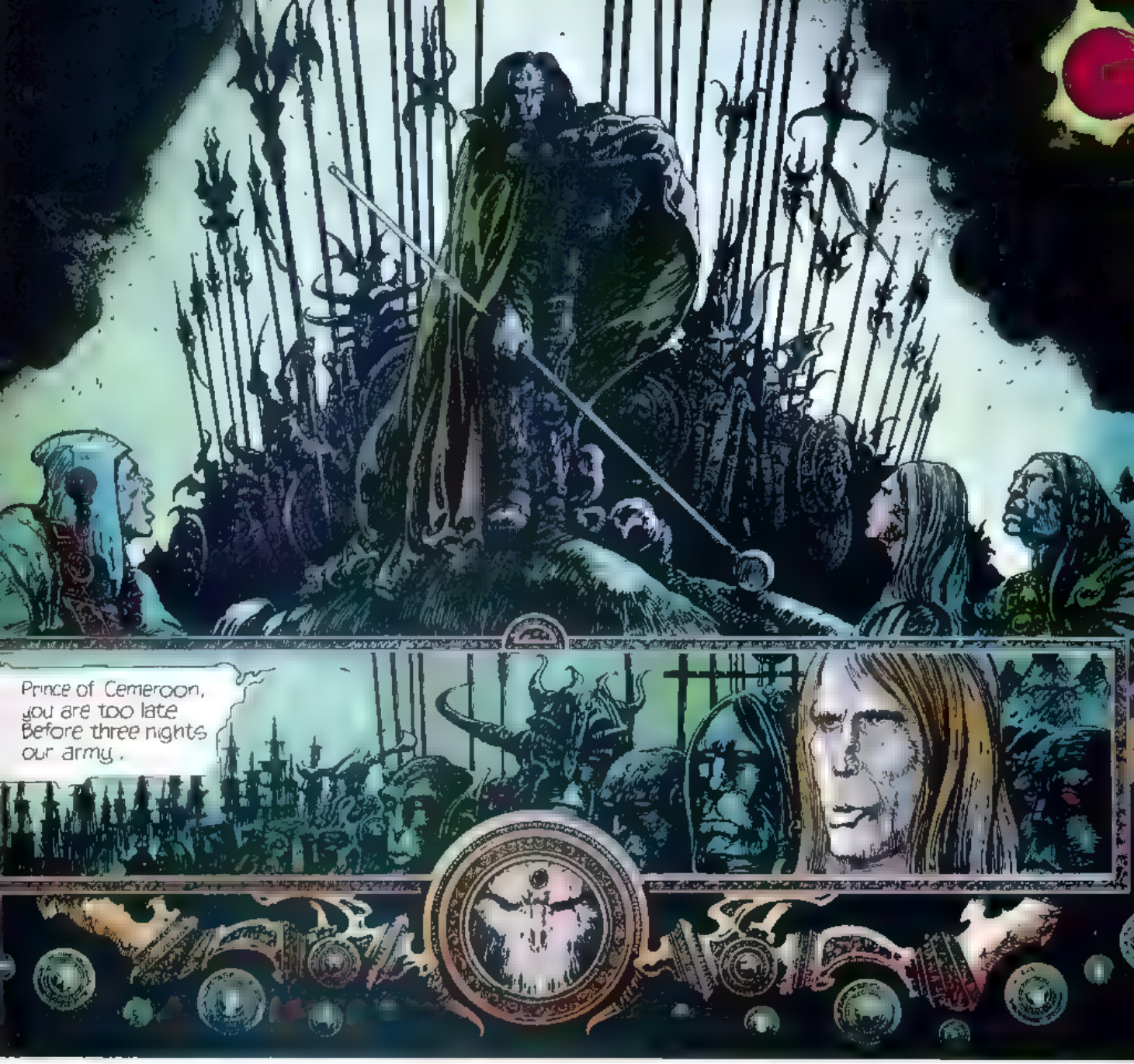

LAST WE SAW YRAGAEL, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPHARAIN, ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION TO OVERTHROW HIS MAD BROTHER SABER OF LRISMONDE
He fell like a stone from the stars!
Aken
Lervaan! Morsonn!
Morgelt, Look! They are dead like the bird
By the bird, Darbacon! As in the songs.
What songs?

Morgelt
"Those of times past who speak of the invited one, the heir to the vision - farther towards the east. I have heard sailors murmur that he has returned and that his messengers have already killed."
Morgelt is silent for an instant, takes a few steps in the shade, leans on silent forms.
"Vayr Onklann, and Lafann also"
A third voice
"Lafann, my younger brother"
Nargorne comes out of the shade. In his palm he shows a little black jewel, strange and tormented.
"As the others had done, he had accepted this present from Saber. Before striking Spharain we should have chastised them. Who knows what magic can make out of his madness who pretends he's from Lrismonde?"
Morgelt:
"Five lords of the vortex have died this evening. May the survivors once more see the eye. If the prince has returned."
Darbacon turned round and brandished his spear at the shade.
"The sentinels no longer call to one another, and the tide no longer has the same sound!"
Morgelt kneels before the bird.
"The messenger has no doubt struck them dumb. The songs tell of 'Feathers of Silence'"
Nargorne, aggressively.
"Is it for this, then, that you pray for the bird's death?"
Morgelt
"I do not pray, I look. I see."

YRAGAEL

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

TEXT BY DEMUTH. TRANSLATED BY PAULINE TENNANT. REPRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK FOX FROM THEIR BOOK "YRAGAEL URM. BY DRUILLET



yragael takes a step forward and smiles sadly
"Before three nights your army will smell the bellies of the creatures which resemble my friends"
Morgelt tosses his head
"We are quite aware of the tricks of your mad brother and the spells which protect the city of the eye There were traitors among us We thank you for having struck them"
Yragael
"Not traitors, but victims"
He steps forward, takes the black jewel from the hand of Nargorne
"No one can resist such a present"
An intense expression of suffering shows on his face, then on that of each of the lords Yragael keeps the black jewel for a long time in his clenched fist When he shows it again, The lords behold a minute skull

yragae .
"Thank you for having shared my suffering It was necessary See what he makes out of my dragon's young Guess the power of such an impious witchcraft.'"
The lords drew back, struck with horror Skull of young and living dragon Voice of yragael
"Long ago, on this very spot on the shore of the sea of circles"
Another dragon
"There were ports surrounded by forests there where there are now only dunes and empty shells
I heard from the other horizon the sound of your oars of your machines.. and I saw the eye open on the gulfs of basalt And my brother dead
And I woke up And I came"
Morgelt
"Why then, prince of vision?

Cemeroon dies and you are as old as she
Our final combat will provide for us the vortex on which our vassals reigned But you.
Would you know how to find again the Sphaeran who was?
There is nothing left"
Yragael turns to Darbaoon
"When it is exactly midday abandon your barbarian's darts for the fight You know that they can avail nothing against the final priests or against the young girls who are made by my brother to sing in suffering"
He looks at Morgelt again
"And you lord you have always had this ladylike manner but you have swallowed up many races
You will lead the ships right to the vortex but only when the road will be open Come"

Look, they have been ready too long. Will they wait here any longer? You spoke of midday exactly. How shall I know when the hour has come?

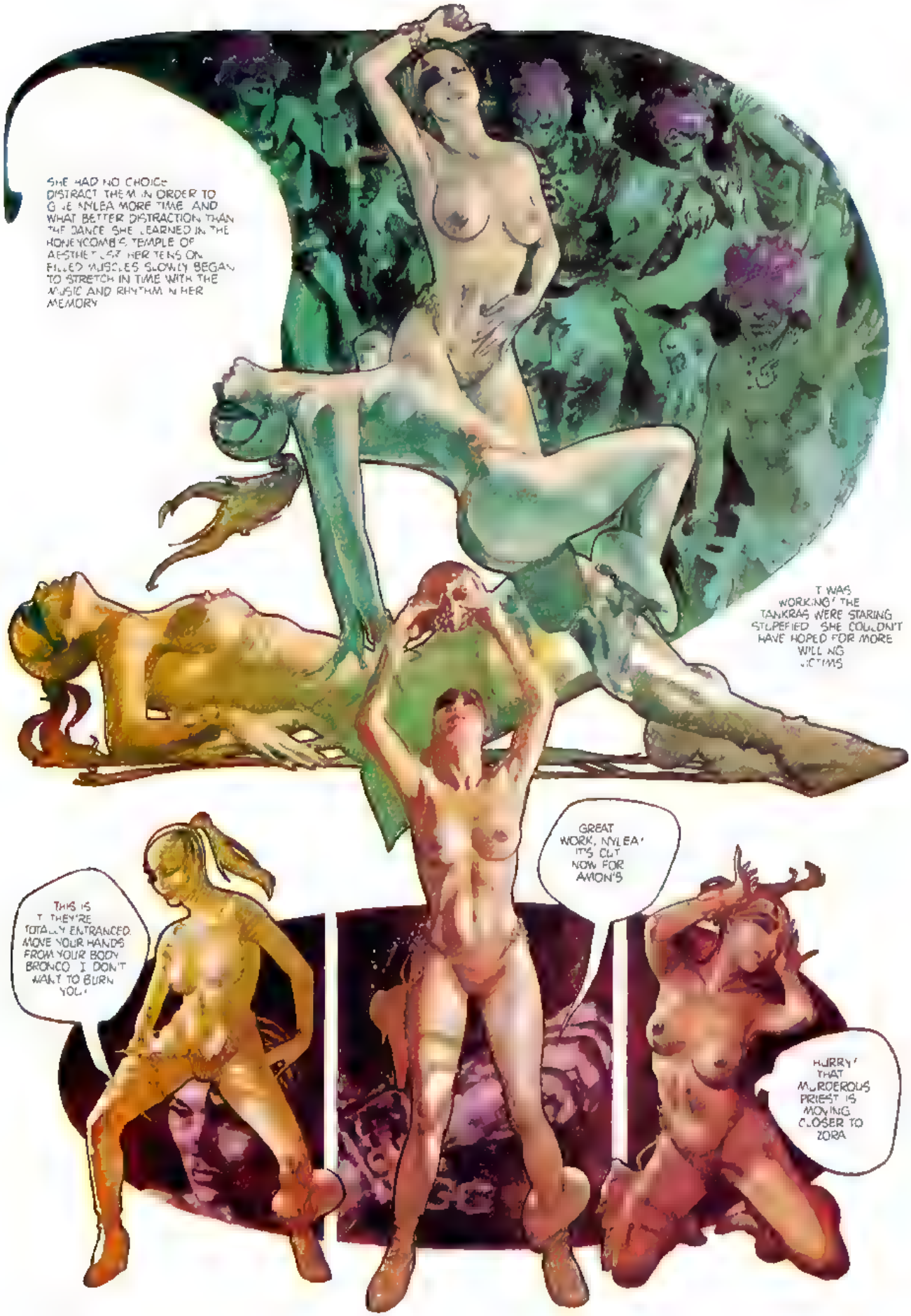
When the suns disc is at its brightest, the day will be darkened by birds, or dragons or the tears of my blood whatever the summer may be..

And then the road will open?

Between those things which between the islands the seaweed, are neither one nor the other when your father reigned over the vortex a hundred such ships were turned into coral and the people of Sphairain tell that they became living and voracious beings

My father was weak in magic and was not loved by a Sibyl nor did he benefit from the help which you are offering us
Which I am imposing on you!
To spare our lives, in order that the city should be wholly dismembered .. protect your ships, Morgelt. They may have to spend the winter and another summer... but when midday comes, the living islands will be motionless, the seaweed as peaceful as a prairie, and the spells extinguished... for all these things I shall have paid very dear.
We will compensate you, reward you ..
For such a sum? No ... in Spharain you shall spare only my brother
Prince of treason, shall we spare her who is called here and who is said to be of your blood?
You want the city— spare her who holds the key
Prince of treason, shall we spare you?

SO FAR:
CAPTURED BY A BAND OF RAVENOUS MUTANTS, ZORA AND HER COMPANIONS DISCOVER THE FATE OF THE FABLED GENESIS II: IT'S BEEN CONVERTED INTO A FAST-FOOD DRIVE-IN FOR INDISCRIMINATING CANNIBALS!
ZORA
AS ONE THE MUTANTS CEREMONIOUSLY INITIATED THE PRIEST AND REMOVED THEIR HELMETS, REVEALING UNDERNEATH
A GELATINOUS MASS DRIPPING WITH BLOOD PALPITATING ITS REPTILIAN KISS JOINING THE UNHOLY CHORUS
BY THE HIVE MOTHER! WHAT KIND OF CREATURES ARE THESE? THEIR FEATURES AREN'T HUMAN!
TANKRAS· KELL SPAWN ONLY TANKRAS CAN SURVIVE ON EARTH IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION–LIKE THE INFERNO ITSELF! WE PAID DEARLY WHEN WE DESTROYED THEIR FIRST INVASION, JUST BEFORE WE WERE PUT INTO HIBERNATION.
THEY'RE PARASITIC CELLS, BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH BY DEEP-SPACE PROBES. THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF THE CREW MANNING THE REENTRY BASE AND WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ATOMIZE THE PLACE
YES. I REMEMBER! THEY PENETRATE THEIR HOSTS WITH SMALL INCISIONS, OR ADHERE TO MUCOUS MEMBRANES AND CAUSE SEVERE BRAIN INFECTIONS. THEN THEY SEIZE CONTROL OF THE BODY AND ENCAPSULATE THEMSELVES IN ENORMOUS TUMORS.
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE ALMOST INDESTRUCTIBLE, THEY'RE NOT VERY INTELLIGENT AND CAN'T REALLY THINK BEYOND A VERY PRIMITIVE LEVEL
THESE TANKRAS MUST'VE NESTED IN SOME OF THE ORBITING MISSILES AND CAME DOWN WITH THE GREAT ATTACK. THEY PROBABLY FELL INTO THIS VALLEY, LIKE RAIN, SEIZING THE BODIES OF THE GENESIS II'S CREW, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO ZOMBIES.
ZORA HAD TO PUSH THE REPULSION SHE FELT FOR THE THROBBING, SLOBBERING MONSTROSITY FROM HER MIND.
AND ALSO THE FEAR THAT THESE THINGS MIGHT BE IMMUNE TO THE BLINDING LIGHT OF THE HYPERPHOTON CAPSULES

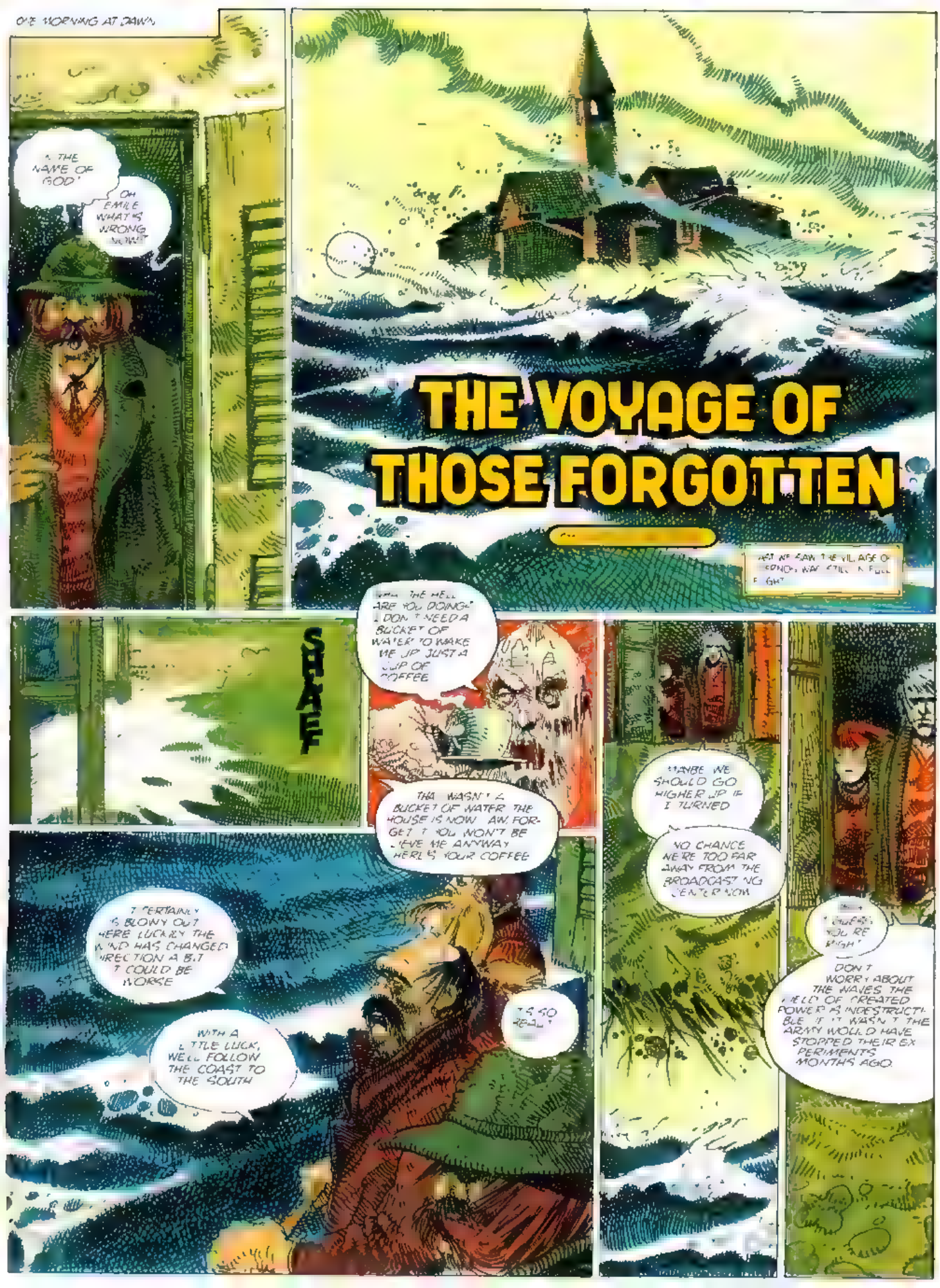

SHE HAD NO CHOICE. DISTRACT THEM. IN ORDER TO G..E NYLEA MORE TIME. AND WHAT BETTER DISTRACTION THAN THE DANCE SHE LEARNED IN THE HONEYCOMB'S TEMPLE OF AESTHETICS? HER TENS ON-FILLED MUSCLES SLOWLY BEGAN TO STRETCH IN TIME WITH THE MUSIC AND RHYTHM IN HER MEMORY
T WAS WORKING! THE TANKRAS WERE STARING STUPEFIED. SHE COULDN'T HAVE HOPED FOR MORE WILLING VICTIMS
THIS IS T THEY'RE TOTALLY ENTRANCED. MOVE YOUR HANDS FROM YOUR BODY BRONCO. I DON'T WANT TO BURN YOU!
GREAT WORK, NYLEA! IT'S CUT NOW FOR AMON'S
HURRY! THAT MURDEROUS PRIEST IS MOVING CLOSER TO ZORA

THE ACRATONS WERE LIKE LIVING DEAD AND THE TANKRAS THAT CONTROLLED THEM HAD NO SEXUAL INSTINCTS LIKE HUMANS
IT WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT. ZORA'S DANCE HAD AWAKENED FADED MEMORIES IN THESE BROKEN MEN.
WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG, NYLEA?
I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE!
YOU'VE HAD IT, SPONGE-HEAD!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ZORA'S IN TROUBLE!
READY, ROB! THE CHAINS ARE GONE!
GRAB THE CAPSULES! GIVE THE SIGNAL

THE SIGNAL!
CAPSULES, ZORA!
AMON
ROB
BLINDING EXPLOSIONS, LIKE HUGE LIGHTNING BOLTS FOLLOWED AT INTERVALS OF A FEW SECONDS PRECEDED BY THE SHOUTED NAMES OF THE THROWERS
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE GROUP HAD GATHERED TOGETHER AND MOVED AWAY FROM THE MAIN BODY OF ACRATONS WHO WERE HOWLING IN BLIND CONFUSION INCAPABLE OF ANY OTHER REACTION
IT WASN'T HARD TO BEGIN CLIMBING THE THICK VEGETATION THAT COVERED THE SHIP IN SEARCH OF AN EXTERIOR HATCH
WE'VE FOUND IT! STEP CLEAR OF THESE VINES QUICKLY. FOLLOW ME!
SOME OF THE WARRIORS HAD KEPT THEIR DISTANCE, AND THUS WERE SPARED THE EFFECTS OF THE HYPERPHOTON CAPSULES NOW THEY WERE CLIMBING THE SHIP, INSANE WITH FURY. THEIR VICTIMS HAD ESCAPED AND PROFANED THE TEMPLE!

I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING— IT LOOKS LIKE AN EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH I'LL TRY TO OPEN IT
BRAVO, ROB!
GOT IT! IT'S OPEN!
INCREDIBLE! EVERYTHING'S IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER, AND THE FUEL CELLS ARE AT MAXIMUM
ISN'T IT DANGEROUS TO ATTEMPT LIFT OFF WITH THIS COATING OF UNDERGROWTH?
AMON, IF THIS SHIP DOESN'T TAKE OFF SOON IT'LL BECOME OUR PRISON.
HAVE CONFIDENCE IN ROB HE'LL GET IT, DON'T WORRY.
DAMN, I CAUGHT MYSELF
QUICKLY, NYLEA, WE HAVE TO CLOSE AND SEAL THE HATCH BEFORE THEY CATCH US.

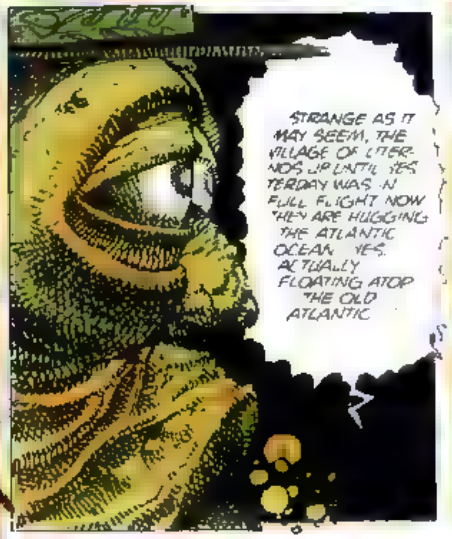
WE'LL TRY THREE BURSTS OF ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS THRUST THE FIRST AT ONE-EIGHTH AND THE SECOND AT ONE-FIFTH POWER AS WE'RE ON A SOLID BASE, COVERED ONLY WITH ACCUMULATED CLAY AND VEGETATION, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE
BEFORE THOSE TWO BLASTS UNBALANCE THE SHIP, I'LL IGNITE THE THIRD AT FULL POWER WE SHOULD PUSH OUT A BIT ABRUPTLY, BUT SAFELY.
AGREED, ROB! FORWARD!
WE'VE DONE IT! WE'RE OFF INTO SPACE IN THIS MARVELOUS MACHINE!
ONE DAY WITH ENOUGH TECHNOLOGY, SOMEONE WILL RETURN TO HEAL THIS SICK PLANET
PERHAPS, BRONCO, BUT FOR NOW WHAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE?
THE HONEYCOMB!
WITHOUT A DOUBT ZORA, WE ARE NEEDED THERE
MANY OF OUR SISTERS CONTINUE TO DIE LOOKING ONLY TO LEARN THE TRUTH
WE TOO, HAVE AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE ON THE HONEYCOMB.
THE GROUND TREMBLED SEVERAL TIMES WHILE ACRATANGOR ROARED FROM THE INNERMOST REACHES OF THE EARTH BEFORE DYING HORRIBLY. SOME OF THE TANKRAS COULD SEE THAT THEIR SACRED TEMPLE WAS RISING. THE GENESIS II PURIFIED AND TRANSFIGURED THE VALLEY WHERE IT HAD LAIN COVERED FOR MILLENNIA
MAJESTICALLY THE GENESIS II ASCENDED AND GAINED ALTITUDE FREEING ITSELF OF THE ANCIENT EARTH
END OF PART ONE

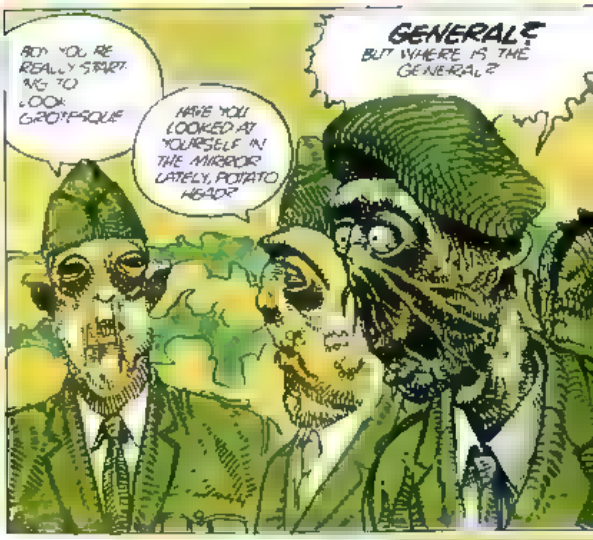

ONE MORNING AT DAWN
IN THE NAME OF GOD!
OH EMILE WHAT'S WRONG NOW?
THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN
AND WE SAW THE VILLAGE OF CONOS WAS STILL A FULL FIGHT
SHAFF
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? I DON'T NEED A BUCKET OF WATER TO WAKE ME UP JUST A CUP OF COFFEE
THAT WASN'T A BUCKET OF WATER THE HOUSE IS NOW AW, FORGET IT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME ANYWAY HERE'S YOUR COFFEE
IT CERTAINLY IS BLOWY OUT HERE LUCKILY THE WIND HAS CHANGED DIRECTION A BIT IT COULD BE WORSE
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL FOLLOW THE COAST TO THE SOUTH
IT'S SO REAL!
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO HIGHER UP IF I TURNED
NO CHANCE WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY FROM THE BROADCAST NG CENTRUM
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE WAVES THE WELL OF CREATED POWER IS INDESTRUCTIBLE IF IT WASN'T THE ARMY WOULD HAVE STOPPED THEIR EXPERIMENTS MONTHS AGO

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO! THAT'S THE TWENTIETH TIME I'VE TOLD YOU THAT!

WE'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO HAVE TO CALL PARIS! I KNOW IT'S AN EMBARRASSMENT BUT THOSE DAMNED JOURNALISTS HAVEN'T LEFT US WITH VERY MUCH HONOR, NOW HAVE THEY?

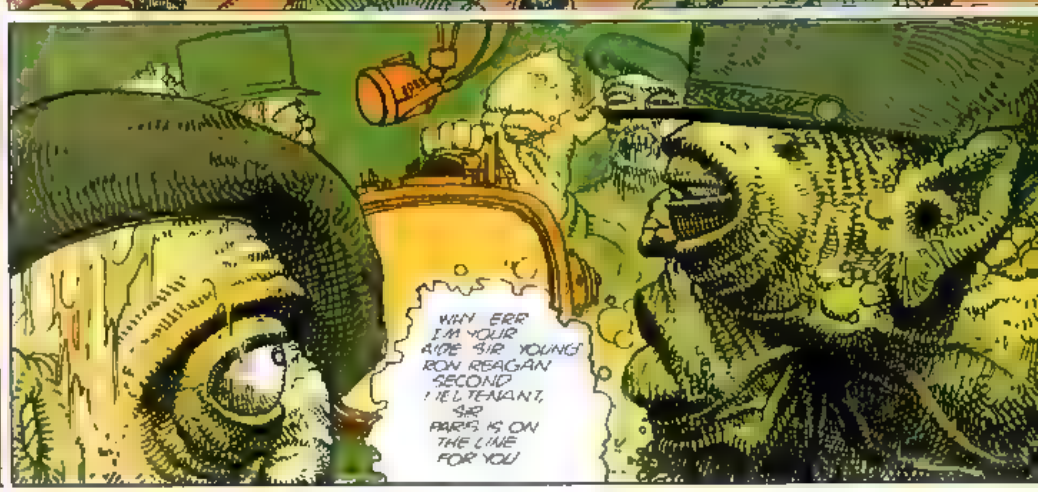
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THE NEWSCASTERS ARE SPEWING LISTEN TO THAT

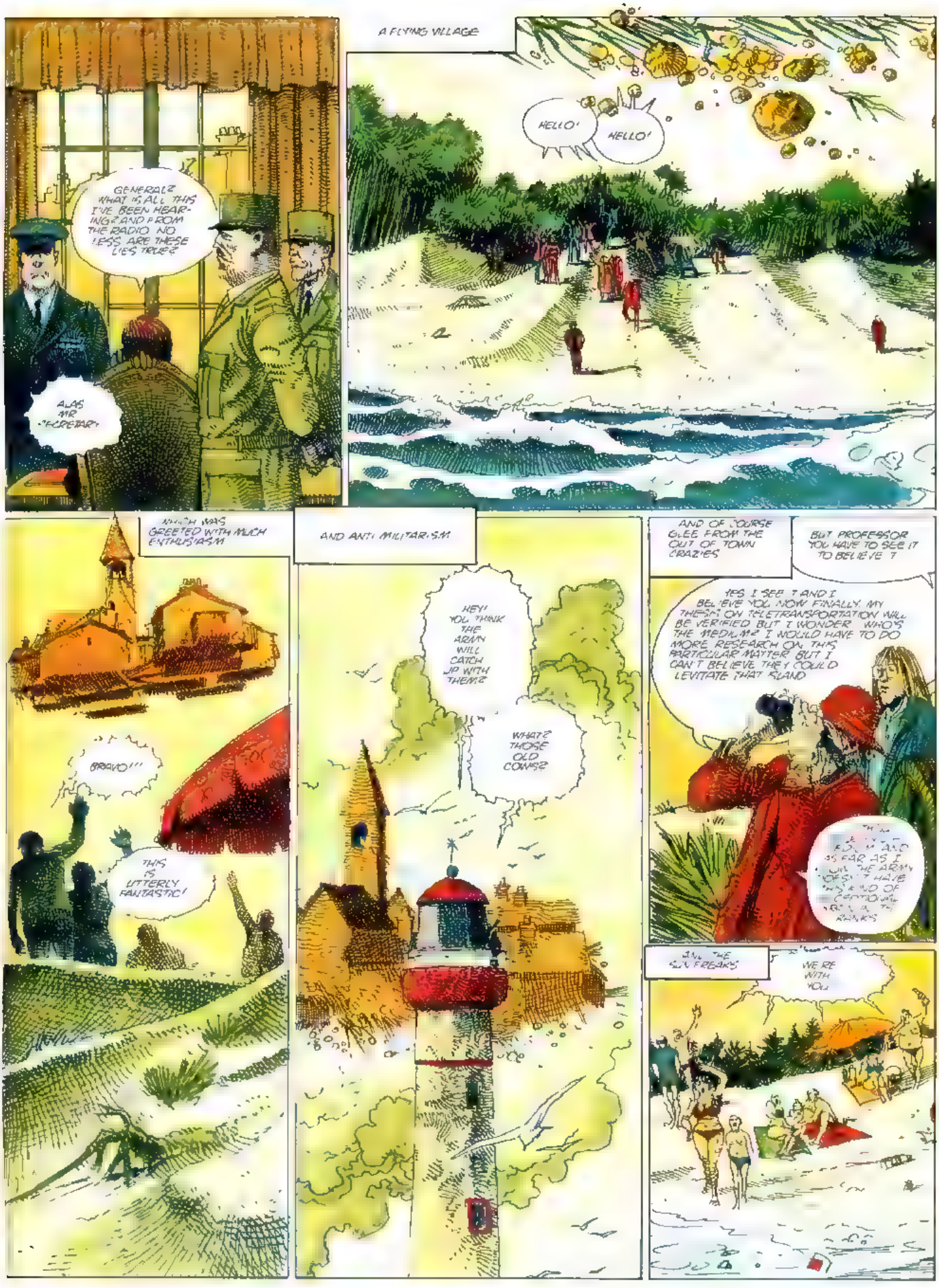

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE VILLAGE OF LITERNOS IN ITALY, YESTERDAY WAS IN FULL FLIGHT NOW THEY ARE HUGGING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. YES. ACTUALLY FLOATING ATOP THE OLD ATLANTIC


GENERAL?
BUT WHERE IS THE GENERAL?
BOY YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO LOOK GROTESQUE
HAVE YOU LOOKED AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR LATELY, POTATO HEAD?

HERE I AM! YOU IDIOT! CAN'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? SHIT! I HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

LISTEN TO THAT


WHY ERR I'M YOUR AIDE SIR YOUNG RON REAGAN SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIR PARIS IS ON THE LINE FOR YOU


GENERAL? WHAT IS ALL THIS I'VE BEEN HEARING? AND FROM THE RADIO NO LESS. ARE THESE LIES TRUE?
ALAS MR. SECRETARY
A FLYING VILLAGE
HELLO!
HELLO!
WHICH WAS GREETED WITH MUCH ENTHUSIASM
BRAVO!!!
THIS IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC!
AND ANTI MILITARISM
HEY! YOU THINK THE ARMY WILL CATCH UP WITH THEM?
WHAT? THOSE OLD COWS?
AND OF COURSE GLEE FROM THE OUT OF TOWN CRAZIES
BUT PROFESSOR YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT
YES I SEE IT AND I BELIEVE YOU NOW FINALLY. MY THESIS ON TELETRANSPORTATION WILL BE VERIFIED BUT I WONDER WHO'S THE MEDIUM? I WOULD HAVE TO DO MORE RESEARCH ON THIS PARTICULAR MATTER BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY COULD LEVITATE THAT SLAND
AND AS FAR AS I KNOW THE ARMY DOESN'T HAVE ANY KIND OF
AND THE SUN FREAKS
WE'RE WITH YOU

SUFFICE TO SAY YOU'VE MADE THE PRIME MINISTER VERY ANGRY STOP THIS 'ATMOSPHERIC EXPERIMENT' BEFORE THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS AFLOAT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PUBLIC BUT WE WANT A NEAT END TO THIS MESS NO MORE DAMAGE CAN BE DONE EVERYTHING MUST BE BACK IN ORDER IMMEDIATELY THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!'
NOW DO YOU FATHOM THE COMPLEXITY OF THE ISSUE AT HAND? WE HAVE EIGHTEEN HOURS LEFT UNTIL
"STOP STOP" THAT'S EASY FOR THEM TO SAY
FIRE TWO OR THREE EARTH-TO-AIR MISSILES OBLITERATE THE WHOLE MESS THE FLOATING CITY WILL BE GONE AND MAYBE THE WORLD WILL WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING
GENERAL, I BELIEVE YOU WILL HAVE TO NEGOTIATE WITH THEM YOU MUST FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THOSE GOD-DAMNED REBELS HAVE DONE TO THE ATMOSPHERE
THE AZ GENERATOR HAS PASSED THE CRITICAL POINT THERE'S A DEFINITE RISK OF EXPLOSION
THIS HEAT IS UNBEARABLE!
WE'RE GOING TO DIE LIKE RATS IN A SEWER!
LOOK WHO'S CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK! ERR GENERAL, BEFORE THE EXPERIMENTS, I RESEARCHED THE POSSIBILITY OF RADIATION POISONING, MUTATIONS WHICH OCCUR AFTER STRONG DOSES
I KNOW I KNOW
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MEN? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR FACES?
MESSY WELL OLD MAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA
WELL SINCE PARIS GAVE THE GO-AHEAD TELL THEM UPSTAIRS TO GET THE WHEELS IN MOTION WE'LL CLEAN UP THIS MESS IF WE HAVE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE DAMN PLANET TO DO IT AND GET MY UNIFORM PRESSED IT WILL NOT BE SAID THAT THE MILITARY WAS MESSY WHILE ON DUTY!

AND WHILE THE REGIONAL PRESS GETS READY
COCO? DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET A RAMP ON THIS STORY BEFORE UPI OR REUTERS?
NO CHANCE THE MEDIA HAS ALREADY GOTTEN A HOLD OF THIS THEY SCOOPED US HOURS AGO. GO DOWN THERE ANYWAY
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND
WHILE AT UPI
TWO 'DUMM JAM-ERAS? BEFORE WE GET TOO FAR INTO THIS STORY, WE'LL HAVE TO CALL PARIS TO FIND OUT IF THIS STORY IS REGIONAL NEWS OR WHAT
AND WHILE CITY HALL SITS STUPEFIED
AND ON A SUNDAY NO LESS
OH COME ON DO YOU THINK THERE WOULD'S HAVE BEEN ANY RESPECT FOR RS. 'D.O.U.'
AND ON THE SAME DAY AS THE RIBBON CUTTING FOR THE NEW SUPER-MARKET. WHAT GALL
ALL OF MY MEN ARE THERE NOW. YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TAKE HEAT ON IF OF THAT AND HAVE THE 'D.O.U. LITERNOS' DO YOU? THEY'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME IT WOULD BE A SHAME
ALL THE WHILE, LITERNOS PURSUES ITS CRAZY ADVENTURES
THE WIND HAS SUBSIDED IT'S GOING TO BE A MAGNIFICENT DAY
THE PARTY IS ON, FOLKS!
I'M NOT GOING
DON'T MAKE THAT KIND OF FACE, FELLA. THIS COULD BE THE LAST PARTY WE'LL EVER HAVE
WELL I DON'T WANT TO HAVE FUN AND I'M NOT HUNGRY!
I'M STARVED!
I'VE HAD THIS WINE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. NO USE SAVING IT ANY LONGER!
MORE FOOD?
HERE'S THE LAMB
HEY LOOK THEY'RE COMING BACK!
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet," Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo s "Rock blitz," highly praised "Shells." beginning of Davis s "World Apart, Moebius Corben Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius "Arzach " part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow", conclusion of "Sunpot "

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart' and 'Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart ' "Den," and " Polonius "

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius s "Airtight Garage," 'Den ' and "Polonius" back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and ' World Apart '

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet, Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and P chard update *Ulysses*, Conquering Armies' concludes 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben, et al

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella ' 'Urm,' and 'Den

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30 page insert from Paradise 9, ' and "Barbarel a gives birth, while 'Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad waves bye bye but ' Orion and 'Barbarella' continue and A ex Nino tips h s hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 ' resumption of Druillet s Gail," more "Heilman, ' 'Orion,' More Than Human, ' and Corben's Arabian Nights '

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated ' Glass Goblin debut of McKie s "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more Sindbad, ' "Exterminator, Major Grubert, "He lman' 's final rebirth, more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gal plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic " 'Starcrown ' Corben s Sindbad, McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination, ' 'Starcrown ' II and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin ' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien '

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé s 'Zooks ' premieres Corben s 'Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with ' New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic, Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric," 'Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, ' and Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let s give thanks for Corben's ' Rowlf,' Bodé s 'Zooks ' Brunner s "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination " Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus Gnomes' and Giants

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/ new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s "Rowlf, and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou ' reach the Do l of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80. "The Alchemist Supreme' continues, Axle learns truth about sidek ck Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave (and is interv ewed) Bila continues "Progress"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's 'Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while ' Rock Opera" gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr Corben and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit abaze, this issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius Kaluta, Springett, and Bila

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's 'Valentina " and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa? ' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with 'Woman ' Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hsh " Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and 'Rock Opera ' Moeb us tells us " There is a Prince Charming on Phenixor!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense, while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interv ew with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: ' Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography Bob Smith

gins. What Is Reality, Papa?' and 'The Ambassador of the Shadows' continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: 'Art and the Nazis' Corben's 'Bloodstar.' Giménez's 'Good-bye, Soldier!' Harry North's 'Stories from London.' and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's 'Cody Starbuck' and Bilal's 'The Immortals: Fête.' Plus Suydam's 'The Toll Bridge' and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres. Howarth's 'Changes' winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with 'The Blue Air Compressor.' Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pin-up girl wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: Spinrad on the Immoral Majority, the 3rd part of the Corben interview, plus a 16-page pullout section on making the *Heavy Metal* movie.

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: Corben's 'Den II.' Jeff Jones's 'I'm Age.' Juan Giménez's 'Infantrymen!' 'Infantrymen!' and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror.

#55/OCTOBER '81: Shakespeare for Americans: 1st episode of Segrelles's 'Mercenary,' a gallery section devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's 'Egg of the World.' Jeff Jones, Segrelles and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus odd ending to 'The Immortals: Fete.'

#58/JANUARY '82: Our 'Happy Future' issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon and 'The Autonomous Man,' by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in 'The Incal Light.' Wein and Chaykin's 'Gideon Faust' gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's 'A Life in the Day,' a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's 'Nova 2' begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars. 'Mercenary.' 'Den.' 'Rock Opera.' etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Chaveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

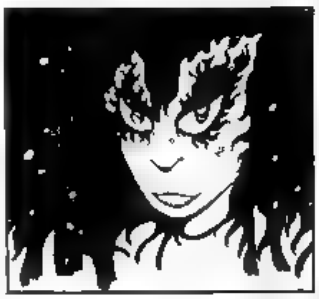
#62/MAY '82: In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's 'Third Sexual Revolution' and let you look at 'The Art of De Es Schwertberger.' Plus 'Sixteen and Vanilla' by Ted White and Val Lakey.

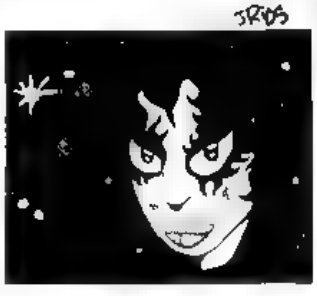
#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacomes strange 'Life at the Circus' and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's 'Freak Show' and Pisu and Manara's 'The Ape.' Plus the finale of 'The Inca Light,' by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: We give you Hecht's 'Music-Video Interface.' Lupoff's 'Barsoom!' and Hinge's 'Object.' Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.





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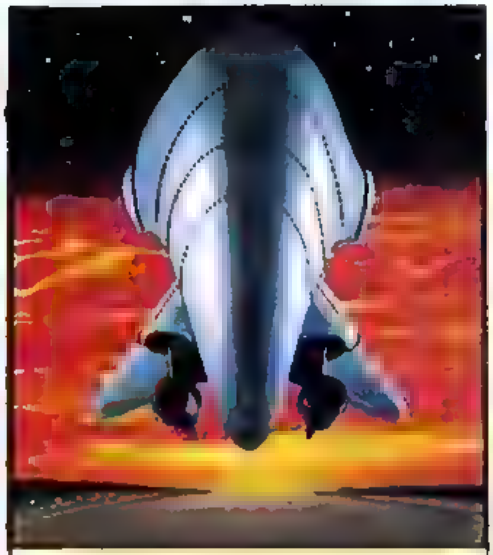
ROCK OPERA



Condemned by circumstance to wan der among the stars, Marty and I had stolen aboard an alien luxury liner, "The Love Craft."

We had accidentally been baked into a cake and wheeled onstage at a sexologists' convention--

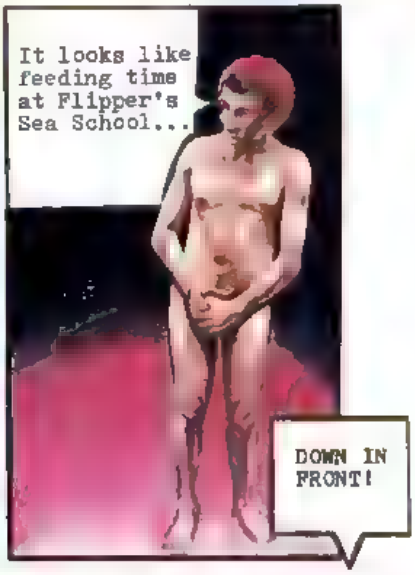
--now the full impact of their lust beat telepathically against our minds like some slobbering reptile...

TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!

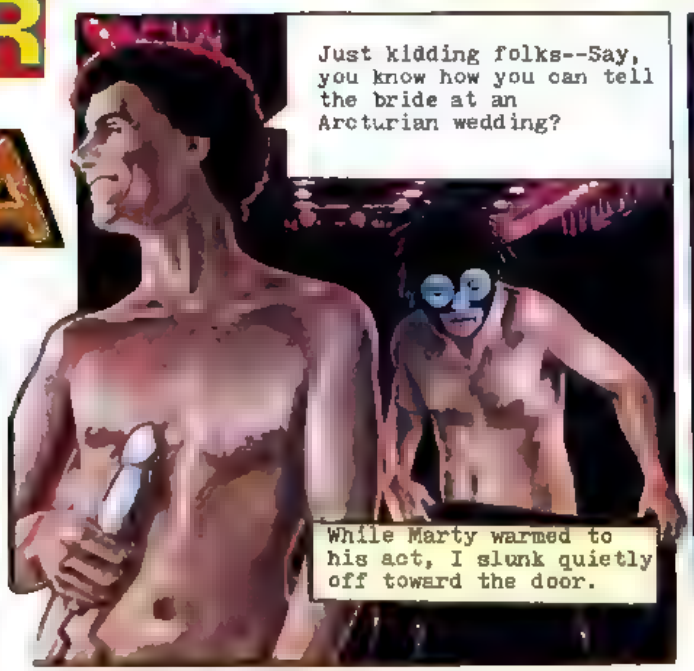
It was Marty, the former stand-up comic, who reacted first.

Thank you very much, ladies and gennulmen-- Hey! What an audience.

It looks like feeding time at Flipper's Sea School...



Just kidding folks--Say, you know how you can tell the bride at an Arcturian wedding?



While Marty warmed to his act, I slunk quietly off toward the door.

But, seriously, folks--
--even though his jokes couldn't possibly make any sense.
All of his life, Marty had been a failure as a comedian-- on Earth. But here, out in the farthest reaches of the universe, he was a big hit--
Why, thank you, Captain!
Yes, the comedian is charming--I wonder what it's doing after the show..?
You know, Miss McToy, when you first became the Cruise Director, I wasn't sure you could handle it. But the entertainment is magnificent tonight!
Anything that moves, huh, Doc? Well, I saw it first!
Somewhere aboard the ship, Adeline was being tricked into making an extrasensory pornflick for the Deva-- and it was up to me to rescue her...
I wandered through the twisting passageways, desperate to find her before it was too late.

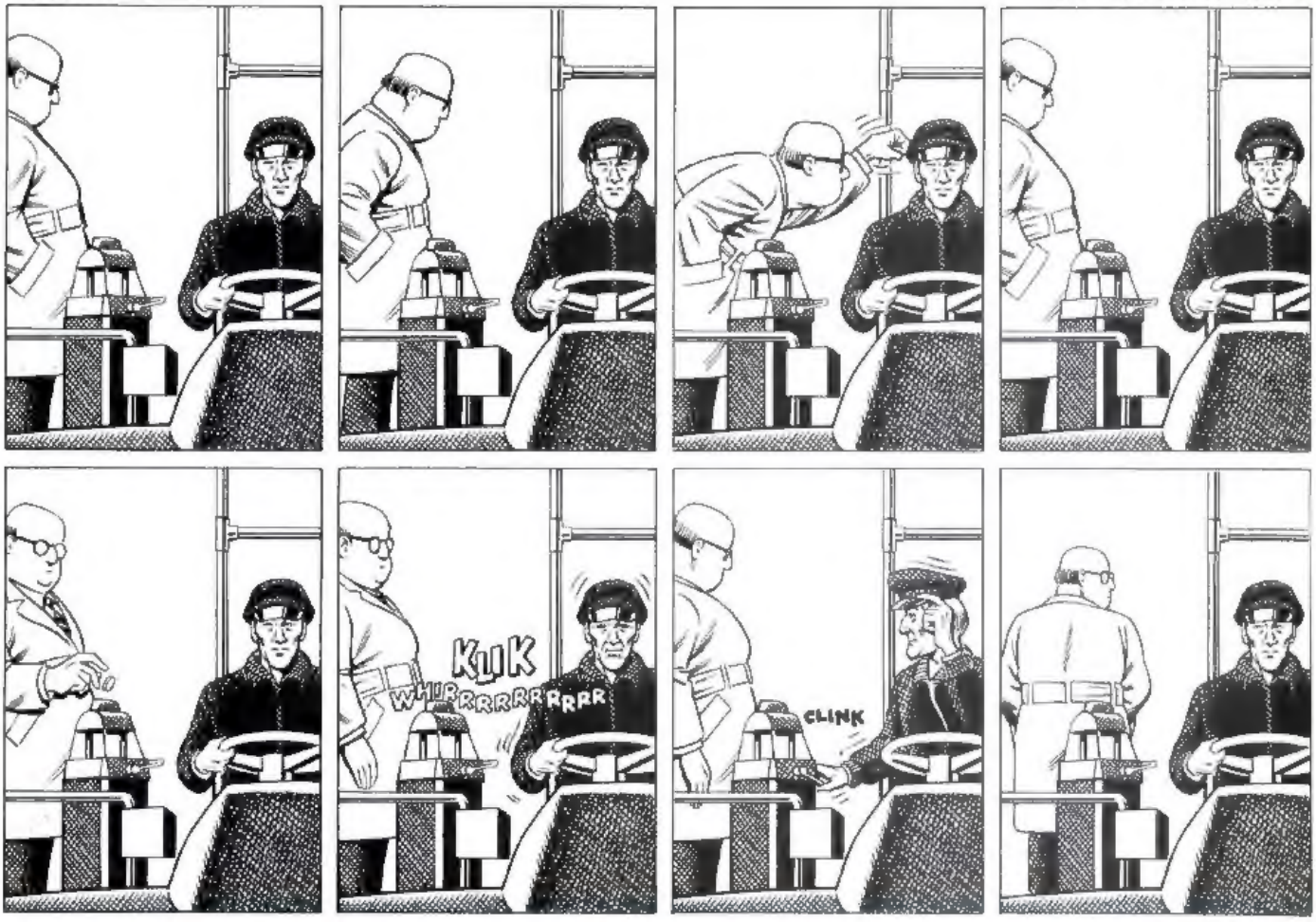
COPYRIGHT 1982 ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR. THANX AND A TIP OF THE HALO TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE FOR PROVIDING THE PASSENGER LIST.

Each cabin door I flung open yielded a new and incomprehensibly disgusting scenario.
Alien creatures, singly, in couples, in droves- doing things to themselves, to each other...
Inexplicable, horrifying, sometimes quite interesting things.
SLOW DOWN! SLOW DOWN!
By the time I reached Libido Deck, my mind was swimming with the lurid details I had witnessed.
I'd forgotten Adeline completely and was about to join a gorgeous sort of rubbery thing in its cabin--

--when I saw the Deva floating in the hallway.
Oh, thank goodness you're here--you've got to help me out!
Why should I help you? You-you drugged Adeline and tricked her into--
Well, I had no idea she'd be impossible to work with. She's such a prima donna--
--the sets aren't good enough for her, she won't work with the rest of the cast...
Look, I'm desperate! Would you consider co-starring? We could rename it "Gidget Goes Galaxian" or something.
It was unbelievable--he was trying to pay me to commit unspeakable acts with the girl I loved! There could be only one answer to a sleazy proposition like that--and I gave it.
You bet!
TO BE CONTINUED

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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YOU LEFT US DOWN THERE WITH THAT YAMMERHANT CREEP FLAT SCARED TH' LIVIN'...
I 'BOUT WET MY PANTS!
YOU AIN'T WEARIN' PANTS, BUZZARD LIPS!
THAT'S HOW COME I DIDN'T

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